McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Prop'r. OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

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TEACHERS' INSTITUTE IS IN SESSION.

A Large Gathering of Intelect and Beauty is Here.

EXCELLENT CORPS OF INSTRUCTORS

Interesting Proceedings as Chronicled by the Secretary of the Institute.

The forty-second annual session of the McKean County Teachers' Institute was opened Monday at 2 p. m., by singing "Joy to the World" by the Institute and devotional exercises conducted by Rev. W. A. Harris of the Methodist church of Smethport.

Supt. Bayle welcomed the teachers and friends of education to the Institute in a few chosen words. Several of the instructors engaged were unable to be present, so others had to be secured at almost the eleventh hour. Supt. Bayle then appointed the several committees necessary to the organization of the Institute: Vice presidents, T. T. Allen, high school; J. F. Conrad, grammar school; Ethel Copeland, primary; Sec., James Jordon; Treas., J. P. Ruhl. Committee on Auditing, Bert Montgomery, Chas. Lillibridge. Committee on Resolutions, F. R. Wedd, T. V. Carver, Winifred Sweeney.

Dr. W. H. Maxe of Syracuse was introduced as the first speaker, taking the place of W. W. Stetson who could not be present.

The school as well as the Institute is a mental institution, not physical. The teacher's duty is to search out any mental deformities, put her finger on them and correct them. Impossible to touch the physical nerve to correct it. The teacher's understanding and interpretation of the pupils' thought that makes her a teacher. There must be sympathy between the teacher's mind and the mind of the pupil. No teacher need think herself a finished product no matter what her attainments and experience. There must be growth. The child's mind grows sometimes in spite of the teacher if she is not in sympathy with the pupil. It is the natural law of the child's mind to grow. Lincoln's mind grew without teachers. Successful work depends upon sympathetic growth between the teacher's and pupil's mind. Material for growth comes from contact with material things of the primary school.

Every teacher must know much more than the subject she teaches. She must know what the pupil is to do in every other grade. Every pupil must struggle with his tasks in preparing his lessons. Happy is the teacher who can stimulate another struggle on the part of the pupil so that he is enabled to triumph and feel the pleasure of winning a victory over his difficulties.

After a short intermission Miss Mable Todd, instructor in music in the Smethport schools, gave a beautiful solo.

Miss Cora Hamilton of the Nalcomb, Ill., Normal school was introduced as one of the instructors "who did not go back on us." The teacher is an interpreter of life to the children. She touches their lives at every point. The primary teacher's work the most responsible. Two years of child life sufficient to fix their moral and religious character. The purpose of education is to socialize the child so that he shall be fit to live among his fellows. Encourage a child to think new things. Parents should patiently answer children's questions. "What is a grass widow" drawn from his own observation, was "A woman whose husband is gone away and she wears green to show." Lead children to think toward truth, then give them words to express this truth. Imagery a great factor of child life, but it is generally killed or dies of a natural death before the eighth grade is reached. Encourage manual training, the desire to make things. Children so taught are not likely to become tramps.

TUESDAY MORNING.

Institute opened at 9:30 by devotional exercises led by Supt. Bayle.

Dr. Maxe continued his talk on the growing mind of the pupil. Knowledge is not in the text book, it is in the head. Introduce the subject of history by the inductive method. Bring up vivid images of historical events. Lead pupils from the events down into the life of the people. Teachers of history have a great opportunity of leading pupils into a higher intellectual and moral life. The chief difficulty of the study of history lies in the failure of the pupil to see the difference between the outside and inside view of the subject. Teachers should not put particular stress upon dates in history, as pupils will get all that are essential for themselves.

Prof. Munson of Bradford high school gave a vocal solo.

Miss Hamilton: Make pupils see from the beginning that effectiveness of English depends upon the force put into oral expression that compels attention. The subject of conversation in American homes on too low a level even among people of liberal education. Teachers may be missionaries in leading pupils to higher thinking. Myths important. Every child is a myth maker. It is an effort to account for mysterious things in the absence of the true explanation. Children must know the myth history of the world.

The best Mother Goose melodies are published by D. C. Heath & Co. The rythm of language in myths, Mother Goose melodies and folk lore stories are inspiration in the use of language. The secret of successful story telling depends upon vivid imagery. In story telling, do not hold too closely to the language of the author. Use language that will have the most dramatic effect.

Vincent-Wolters.

A most interesting and unusual event was the double wedding at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Vincent Wednesday evening, October 14, 1908, when their daughters, Margaret and Alice, were united in marriage to Raymond Wolters of this city and Harold Collins of Petoskey. The guests were recieved by Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, the bride's parents, Mrs. McClure of Smethport, mother of Mr. Wolters, and Mr. and Mrs. Collins of Plymouth, N. Y., parents of Mr. Collins.

To the music of violin and piano the bridal party descended the stairs, the ribbons being held by the maid and matron of honor, Miss Edith Vincent and Mrs. Baldwin of Austin, sister of Mr. Wolters. The Rev. Mr. Stanley immediately followed, just preceding the grooms, and the two brides came together, looking very sweet in their bridal robes, which were alike, of delicate lace over white silk in Empire effect, and pearl trimmings forming to their slender figures.

The groomsmen, holding the white bride ribbons, followed, the brides, and the dual ceremoney was performed in front of a screen of rich autumnal foliage. The brides carried white bridal roses tied with chiffon, and wore the grooms' gifts, necklaces with pearl pendents. The maid of honor, Miss Vincent, was gowned in pink silk, and Mrs. Baldwin wore white silk, both carrying white roses.

After the ceremony, luncheon was served, and in the brides' cakes the ring was found by Miss Lulu Forth, the dime by Miss Elsie Kreiger, the stick by Miss Edna Hall and Miss Georgia Stilson received the thimble.

The bridal gifts were very handsome, and included some fine furniture, besides many articles of china, cut glass, pictures, copper and silver.

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Wolters left this morning for a short outing trip after which they will go to Chicago for a week's stay, and Mr. and Mrs. Harold Collins left to-day for Grand Rapids and will go to Chicago later. The young couples are both most popular in Manistee, and have the best wishes of everyone for their happiness. Mr. and Mrs. Wolters will live in the beautiful new home built by Mr. and Mrs. Vincent, adjoining their own on Cedar street, and Mr. and Mrs. Collins will make their home in Petoskey.

The out of town guests were: Leon Wolters of Chicago, Mrs. McClure of Smethport, Mrs. Baldwin of Austin, Mr. and Mrs. Stilson and Miss Stilson of Portland, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. Collins of Plymouth, N. Y., and Mr. and Mrs. Fred Reynolds of Milwaukee, Wis.—Manistee Daily News.

The High School Contest.

The victor in the High School contest held at the Lyceum Tuesday evening is Kane, the visitors being awarded three out of the five points, and the scholars of the mountain town are happy.

The results were as follows: The essay was won by Katherine Mayo of Smethport against Alfhild Alfson of Kane. In the oration Paul Apple of Smethport won over Lloyd Anderson of Kane. Alan Eckels of Kane was the winner of the reading over Theo Freeman of Smethport. The debate, which counted two points, was awarded to Kane, being represented by Robert Fink and Reuben Helff against Walter Apple and Donald Hogarth for Smethport.

The decision of the judges in the debate was a surprise to a vast majority of those who had heard the question discussed by the contestants, and for a time the listeners seemed to doubt their ears. Some time before the contest a protest was entered against Alan Eckels, a post graduate, entering the contest on the grounds that the rules say that none but "regular" scholars may enter, but the protest was overruled.

Laundry Changes Hands.

We have taken possession of the Smethport Steam Laundry and will make a specialty of family washing. All work guaranteed. Terms strictly cash. Your patronage respectfully solicited.

F. & C. BURLINGAME, Props.

Fall Millinery.

All that is newest, most becoming and satisfactory in the line of Millinery. The very latest ideas skillfully carried out by trimmers and assistants who know how to secure proper effects.

10tf MRS. CARRIE CLARK.

PLAIN STATEMENTS.

Hon. R. P. Habood Answers Charges Made Against Him.

In reply to the article recently published in the Philadelphia North American regarding the past of R. P. Habgood he made the following statement to the MINER:

"All I have to say is this: Like other men I have been in debt; like other men I have overdrawn my bank account; like other men I have invested money, and my friends have with me, in business ventures that have proven a failure and our money lost, but I never obtained any money under false pretenses or in a dishonest way, and any statement to that effect and all other statements derogatory to my character I denounce as false, both absolutely and unqualifiedly. Even my enemies have made it plain that these debts and overdrafts were paid with interest. It is a significant fact that this vicious article was only printed in a partial number of the papers published that day and was evidently circulated in a limited district only."

A broken spring in our gas engine delayed us to such an extent that the Democrat came to our desk before going to press, and when we saw the article headed "Habgood's Awful Blunder," we got Mr. Habgood on the phone and he made the following statement:

"Any letter which I may have written to a Catholic clergyman, or anyone else in this campaign was written in the best of good faith and motive and without the slightest attempt at underhanded methods. I positively deny the allegation in the Democrat article that there was a transgression of the Corrupt Practice law or that there was any bribery suggestion or even an attempt at the same. I regret exceedingly that any person or newspaper should at this late date try to bring the Catholic church into the issues of this campaign, inasmuch as that church and its clergy have now and at all times maintained the highest dignity and correct position in keeping aloof from all political matters.

"It is not unusual for candidates to make contributions to churches of all denominations throughout their districts. During this campaign Mr. Hilton, one of my opponents, contributed fifteen dollars to a church at Ludlow and I presume, as a generous man, he has done so on other cases, but of course the Democrat could see nothing wrong in that whatever."

"A Square Deal."

On Oct. 18th The Ancient Order of Hibernians of McKean Co. held their county board meeting in Smethport for the purpose of electing officers for the ensuing term, and for all other business which might be properly brought before the meeting. My attention has been called to the fact that reports are being circulated throughout the county that the Hibernians at this meeting pledged their support at the polls to Mr. Fennerty for Sheriff of McKean county.

This association, like all others, does not permit any political discussions whatever in their meetings and as county secretary of the order and as the presiding officer at the above mentioned meeting, I take this means of denying the story now in circulation. Neither Mr. Fennerty nor Mr. Morrison are members of the order, and if they were they could not get any political indorsements from us as an organization.

Hibernians, like other men, vote as they please.

M. S. GEARY,
County Sec'y A. O. H.

IMPORTANT STATEMENT.

Our attention has been called to a report, to the effect, that some of our Republican friends intend to vote for one of us alone for the Legislature.

We desire in this way, as we have in the Commitee meetings, to express our sincere disapproval of any such action, but on the contrary we earnestly urge all our Republican friends, who desire to vote for either of us, to support and vote for both of us.

R. P. HABGOOD,
JAMES A. McKEAN.

Bradford, Pa., Oct. 28, 1908.

A Democratic Candidate.

(Political Advertising)

W. I. Oviatt, one of the Democratic candidates for County Commissioner, takes this means of soliciting the votes of the people of this county. He is a native of McKean county, having been born and reared in Keating township where he has creditably filled several of the township offices. Three years ago he was elected County Auditor and as such he has shown the courage of his convictions in preparing and submitting a minority report each year. He is not afraid to submit his case to the voters of this county, feeling that he will be upheld at the polls next Tuesday.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Cox-Townsend Nuptials.

"Thy soul and mine, by mutual courtship won,
Not like two mingling flames, and make but one.
Union of hearts, not hands, does marriage make,
And sympathy of mind keeps love awake."

A happy union at high noon to-day occurred at the Wheeling Hill residence of Mr and Mrs. Stanley C. Townsend, when Miss Edna Hamlin Townsend, only child of Mrs. Stanley Townsend, and Mr. Thomas Benton Cox, Jr., only son of Mr. T. B. Cox, Sr., accepted the marriage pledges. Rev. Augustine J. Smith, rector of St. John's Episcopal church, performing the ceremony in the east parlor, where an improvised altar had been erected, beautified with white candles in silver candelabra, quantities of dainty white blossoms, asparagus and smilax, while large palms on either side completed the artistic spot where the ceremony occurred.

Trailing vines hung in graceful fashion from the mantel shelf, while ferns and palms offered valuable and effective service in this apartment.

The fair bride, endowed with every charm to be admired in young womanhood, wore an extremely fashionable tailored gown of soft brown cloth with hat en suite, which she used also as a traveling costume on the bridal journey.

A wedding breakfast followed the marriage service, which was served from a refection board exceedingly artistic and dainty in its refreshing embellishment of smilax, which covered the beautiful damask in an attractive manner and offered beauty to the fourteen crystal candlesticks surrounding the table, while a gorgeous cluster of full blown brides' roses rested on an exquisite lace center piece over green in the center of the board, and hand painted place cards of brides' roses with white satin ribbon in letters of gold marked places for Mrs. Stanley Townsend, T. B. Cox, Sr., Miss Alice Cox, H. E. Becker, Malcolm Becker, Fred S. Whitley, Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Cox, Jr., Miss Maude Cox, Rev. A. J. Smith, Mrs. H. E. Becker, Harry Thomas Becker, Mrs. A. J. Smith, and Mrs. Joseph Pursell of Lima.

The places of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Snyder of Dayton were vacant, owing to the illness from pneumonia of Mrs. Snyder.

The groom is one of the city's sterling young men, who the Eagle is proud to claim as a citizen of historic Lancaster, and is worthy in every way of the fair maiden he has secured for a life companion. Mr. and Mrs. Cox have departed on a honeymoon trip through West, stopping at Kansas City and other points, and will enjoy the sports of hunting, whose tastes are so accordial in this particular direction, the coming ten days, after which they will return and reside in the Townsend residence, 141 Wheeling Hill. And so the ceremony to-day brought to a climax a courtship it its truest sense, which has been of long duration, and as a conclusion will cite the expression of the poet:

"Hail! wedded love, perpetual fountain of domestic sweets."—Lancaster Daily Eagle, October 22, 1908.

The Moral Effect of "The Devil."

Probably no play in the last decade has caused more comment on the part of men of science, the clergy and the laity than Oliver Herford's adaptation of Franz Molnar's sensational play "The Devil," (Der Teufel) which Alfred E. Aarons presents at the Smethport Lyceum to-morrow night, by permission of Henry W. Savage. This production is the only authorized version and is exactly as presented at the Garden Theater, New York, where it succeeded in creating the greatest furore of any dramatic production in the history of New York theatricals. Five hours after the opening of the seat sale every seat in the house was sold. When it came time for the performance a crowd containing hundreds was mobbed about the doors unable to gain entrance.

The story is intensely human and notwithstanding the flashes of wit, delightful epigramatic passages, and decidedly humorous situations the audience sits spellbound until the drop of the curtain. It deals all the way through with the endeavors of "The Devil," who calls himself Dr. Miller, a character, which the audience has difficulty in quite deciding as to whether it is supernatural or a terrestial being—to enter into the lives of clean living people and exercise ingenious temptations. It seems impossible to imagine that the moral lesson conveyed by the play can be without its influence on those who are at all susceptible to impulse whether good or bad. Probably there has never been anything printed or acted that illustrates better the danger of hovering even near or listening to temptation. "The Devil" is decidedly a Modern Morality play and stands in this particular instance for the conscience that is contained in each of us. The entire play is of absorbing interest and is pronouncedly the grandest and most novel dramatic effort of modern times.

I am prepared to do Manicuring, Shampooing and Facial Massage at residence. Alberta Stardvoint.

ATTACK ON MR. HABGOOD.

The North American Article a Boomerang and Will Make Him Many Votes.

The voters of McKean county have the spirit of fair play and a square deal too thoroughly imbued in their general makeup to take any stock in the attack made in the Philadelphia North American last Friday on the character and past record of Hon. Robert P. Habgood to allow that article to influence them into voting against him. And instead of injuring him it has made him friends in all parts of the county.

The article deals with Mr. Habgood when he was in Baltimore several years ago. It tells how he borrowed money from his friends and induced one or two others to invest money in a mine. The mine did not turn out good and all lost more or less money. Mr. Habgood left the city under a cloud of debt. All this is highly colored, making it appear that he had deliberately swindled his friends. Those who read the article hurriedly are left with the impression that part of these debts are still hanging over him, so cunningly is the article worded, but those who read carefully can readily see that all debts have since been paid.

The article has been widely discussed throughout the county and the general impression seems to be that it was entirely unwarranted and cowardly, coming as it did at this late hour in the campaign, and expressions of disgust come from prominent men in all parties. Below we quote the opinion of several.

Rev. C. H. Dudley of the Presbyterian church of Port Allegany, in an address at a local option meeting at Kane Friday night, said:

"Now I come to Mr. Habgood and you are all interested in what I am going to say. We asked Mr. Habgood if he would support the local option bill and he said 'no.' I admire the courage of the man. We know where he stands. Most of you read the North American. There was an article about Mr. Habgood in the North American. Did you read it? I want to say that I have absolutely no sympathy with that article or for its statements.

"Mr. Chairman, I don't know how you feel about this matter, but if we cannot win this fight on its merits, then let us go down to an ignominious defeat as we deserve. If I thought the men who represent Local Option had anything to do with that article I would cancel every engagement I have with the Local Optionists.

"I do not know anything about the past career of Mr. Habgood in other states. I don't know anything about it, but if I did know anything discreditable about him and could get 100 votes by repeating it, I would hate myself forever if I used it.

"I like Mr. Habgood. He is my friend and I am his. He is an intelligent and charming man. Whatever his record in other states, I say I will judge him as a man and from and by his record as he makes it as our neighbor and fellow citizen, and I know it is a brilliant record. I take him as he has been in this county and I spurn anything of the kind which I do not know."

Saturday's Bradford Era comments on the article thusly:

"The attack on Robert P. Habgood, published in yesterday's North American, was actuated by a malicious and destructive motive. A hired expert, trained in the work of political defamation, turned out a special sample of his skill.

"It is elaborate, deliberate and brutal. In every manner possible, it is intended to strike down and crush every good opinion that might be entertained for the object of the attack.

"In it minor mistakes are distorted, twisted and magnified. Habgood is painted in the blackest colors.

"The North American, in its defamatory assertions, seeks to destroy Habgood not only at home but throughout the State. And it is all done under the pretense that it is a Christian cause that is being served.

"If that is Christianity, it is small wonder that those who oppose religion are firm in their opposition.

"Robert P. Habgood has grown from childhood to manhood in this community. Everybody in Bradford knows him. Everybody in the county is familiar with the man's characteristics. It is recognized that like other mortals, he has faults; and that like others he has been criticized for these faults. But no man in McKean county no matter how bitter an enemy he may be to Robert P. Habgood, will for a moment believe all the malicious and vindictive declarations and insinuations make concerning him in yesterday's North American.

"The attack was atrocious and villainous; unjust unfair, biased and misleading.

"In fact the attack was so virulent and palpably undeserved that it has signally failed to effect the purpose for which it was published.

"It will cause over believer in decent politics who may read it, to become incensed and fully aroused to a realizing sense of the motives back of it. Not a single vote in McKean county will be lost to Habgood on its account. It will make votes for him.

"Foul politics could not be presented in a more abhorrent form than it is assuming in this campaign, and the present instance is especially glaring.

"If this is a sample of the high-minded virtues of Local Option politics it is certainly an object lesson for voters to carefully consider."

The Bradford Sunday Herald in part says:

"According to the North American of Friday, R. P. Habgood of this city borrowed a few hundred dollars and paid it. This happened nine years ago. Since he has been in Bradford he has borrowed money many times and was often slow in paying it. Nothing remarkable about that.

"The Herald is familiar with the Baltimore incident and there seems to be nothing startling in it. The North American says he paid all the money he borrowed. To this statement they add a lot of gush and write the facts in such a manner as to indicate fraud, but if the article is read carefully, it will be seen that there is nothing to that part of the story. The biggest part of the article is to show that he favored the passage of a bill to protect the Bradford brewery and what an awful thing it was to protect a Bradford industry and how his Baltimore friends were grieved because he wanted to give the brewery a show.

"There was one thing the North American omitted in the story and that is the fact that before he left Baltimore Habgood made an arrangement to pay, and since that time he has paid his indebtedness with interest. Another fact overlooked is that many of those same men who loaned him money in Baltimore are willing to do so again.

"The article was written in an effort to defeat Habgood for the legislature. The Local Optionists dislike it and no one seems willing to father it. It is hardly likely that it will have any effect other than that of mud-slinging, which up to this point has not been done by the candidates of either party.

"Probably no article ever published in a newspaper and the effect that the North American's tirade on Habgood had on the people of Bradford. It was discussed in every hotel lobby in the city and in all the clubs. It was the general impression that it would make votes for the assemblyman.

"A peculiar fact about the article is that it was generally condemned by the people of both parties. No one seems to be pleased with it, yet nearly every one in the city read it. Some thought the article was made out of whole cloth while others doubted if the facts were squarely stated.

"A leading member of the Democratic party stated to a Herald representative that while he was opposed to Habgood and would vote against him he did not endorse the article and said that it was not his kind of politics and he would discourage any mud slinging.

"The Local Optionists are equally disgusted with the article. Elisha K. Kane expressed his regrets that such an article should be published.

"A number have declared their intention of voting for the assemblyman just on account of the article."

The Bradford Record describes the attack on Mr. Habgood as shameful, cruel, cowardly and a sham of pretense.

The Mt. Jewett Herald, whose editor has used many columns in the past few years defending himself and condemning others whom he claimed were too willing to assail a man's good name, republishes practically all of the North American article and adds a few knocks of his own by threatening to make exposures.

Swedish Republican Club.

The executive committee of the Swedish American Republican League of McKean County held a session in Mr. Jewett Oct. 27, and after receiving reports from the various Clubs throughout the county found that less than one per cent. of the votes affiliated with our League would support Bryan. It also developed that there was a determination on the part of the League voters to stand by the District and County tickets and oppose all side issues, which tended to detract from the strength of the candidates on the regular Republican ticket. The following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the members of this League make every effort to get to the polls in their several precincts, on Tuesday next, every Republican voter and urge upon them the importance of voting a straight Republican ticket. And be it further

Resolved, That as adherents of that great party which saved our government from destruction in the sixties and has had among its leaders a Lincoln, a Grant, a McKinley and a Roosevelt, the members of our League are hereby urged to frown down every effort to lead them from loyalty to their ticket by men who have uniformly and always opposed the Republican party, its men and its measures.

Resolved, That these resolutions be spread on our minutes, and that copy thereof be given to the press.

A GIRL and A RING.

By CLARISSA MACKIE.

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"I will ride Black Dan, Jenkins," said Peggy calmly.

"Yes, miss," replied Jenkins, disappearing in the direction of the stables.

Holcomb frowned and prepared to follow in the wake of the groom.

"Of course you know you can't ride Black Dan, Peggy," he said impatiently. "He has thrown you twice, and I have said no woman shall mount him again. Any other horse in the stables"—

"Thank you," said Peggy coldly. "I don't care to ride any other horse. You are such an old granny, Bob!"

"Shall I order Pretty Girl?" asked Holcomb patiently.

"No. I have ordered Black Dan," she replied defiantly.

"I must countermand the order, Peggy. No woman shall ride him with my permission," said Bob stiffly.

Peggy's eyes flashed ominously, and her pretty lips stiffened into a straight line. "If you countermand my order, Bob Holcomb," she flashed angrily, "you may"— She choked back a little sob.

"What?"

"You may keep the ring you were going to give me," finished Peggy remorselessly.

"Do you mean it?" he asked, coming closer to her and looking down into her wide gray eyes.

"Yes," said Peggy hardily.

Holcomb turned away with a little droop of his broad shoulders. "Nevertheless, Peggy, I must countermand the order," he said gravely. Then he went down the steps and disappeared through the stable gateway.

Peggy Linwood stared after him with hot cheeks and flashing eyes. Her little brown hands tightened their grasp on the arms of the low chair. "I'm very glad I broke it off," she thought mechanically. "Fancy being married to a man with such a nasty temper as Bob Holcomb! What a fool I was to fall in love with him!"

She sped upstairs to the chintz sitting room, where her mother sat before a cozy fire. "Mother, dear, let us go home at once," she began abruptly. "I can't stay in Bob Holcomb's house another minute." She sank breathlessly on the couch.

Mrs. Linwood adjusted her glasses and looked quizzically at her daughter. "What nonsense, Peggy dear," she said mildly. "I told him we would stay until Monday, and we must do so. Have you quarreled with him, Peggy?"

"Yes," said Peggy shortly.

"What about? Was it worth while?"

"I'd rather not tell, mother," admitted Peggy guiltily.

"Oh, well!" Mrs. Linwood settled tactfully into her book. "If I were going to quarrel, Peggy dear, I wouldn't wear that brown dress. You know it is so unbecoming, and when a woman disagrees with a man she should wear her prettiest frock. Now, the blue muslin"—

But Peggy had flown out of the room and was anxiously surveying herself in the cheval glass in her own pretty apartment. "Mother's right," she sighed ruefully. "I look a fright in this frock. It's too tight to pretty up very much, but—Where is the blue muslin?"

* * * * * * *

Late that afternoon Peggy encountered Bess Dane sauntering across the lawn under the shade of century old elms.

"Congratulate me, Peggy, dear," announced Bess, airily extending a slim hand.

Peggy gasped.

"Not Frederic? Bess, dear"—

"Not Frederic," interrupted Miss Dane coolly. "Guess again, Peg, and in the meantime admire my ring. Isn't it the sweetest ever?"

Such an odd ring it was too. Innumerable small diamonds formed the petals of a daisy, with a blazing topaz for the yellow center. Peggy looked at it with wildly beating heart.

"It's more suitable for you, Peg, because it's a marguerite. Nevertheless it suits your humble servant right down to the ground, as the poet has it." Miss Dane sighed complacently as she seated herself on the grass.

"Come, sit down, Peg, and discuss the details," she coaxed. "You will be maid of honor, of course."

"Of course, Bess," murmured Peggy miserably, "when—when"—

"Don't say 'when' again," admonished Bess mildly. "I'll tell you when I know. Bob hasn't even asked me to name the day. There were other and more important matters to go 'over,'" she blushed warmly. "But you and I can talk about the frocks and the wedding and—about Bob himself."

"I didn't even suspect," said Peggy humbly as she nibbled a blade of grass.

"No one suspects. It will not be announced until I go home. Don't you think him the best fellow in the world, Peg, dear?"

"Of course," cried Peggy lightly. "And now, Bess, you must let me go, for I am going for a gallop."

"Not on Black Dan?" questioned Miss Dane playfully.

"No, indeed," said Peggy warmly. "He has thrown me twice, you know. I shall ride Pretty Girl."

"Wise child," murmured Bess, surveying her ring dreamily.

As Peggy rode slowly out of the lodge gate and turned into the lane that was her favorite bridle path her last picture was of Bessie Dane examining her engagement ring with loving admiration.

Peggy's warm, impulsive heart swelled with grief and indignation. Light indeed was Bob Holcomb's love when he could shift so quickly from one sweetheart to another! How convenient for such as he to carry an engagement ring in his pocket!

Peggy had never seen the ring until it flashed from Miss Dane's finger, but Bob had told her it was the prettiest ring in the world and that there was no other like it. It had come that morning in the registered mail, and he had whispered that he wanted her to try it on after breakfast.

And then had come the Black Dan episode, and she had not seen Bob since. He had absented himself from the luncheon table under plea of business. No wonder he had been ashamed to face her!

Pretty Girl ambled down the lane, where the thick hedge on either side made a long, green arbor through which the late afternoon sunlight filtered on Peggy's shining hair. A thrush, poised on the topmost bough of a young chestnut, poured out a rapturous song. The liquid notes fell on the girl's ear with heartbreaking sweetness, and she leaned her sunny head down on Pretty Girl's neck and sobbed.

The mare stopped and turned her head with mild surprise. Some one was coming down the lane on a tall gray horse—some one with discontented eyes that lighted wonderfully when they saw Peggy's drooping head.

"Peggy, dear! What is the matter?" Bob Holcomb was bending over his late fiancee, and one strong hand drew her head to his shoulder.

Peggy withdrew herself with a frightened cry. "How dare you, sir?" she said indignantly. She was oblivious to the traces of tears on her pink cheeks.

"Oh, come now, Peggy," entreated Holcomb, "I know you didn't mean what you said and"—

"Bessie Dane has told me of her engagement to you, Bob," said Peggy icily.

"Engagement! To Bessie! Fudge!" said Holcomb wearily. "Why—of course—she is engaged to Bob Mills. He's staying over at Beechcroft and rode over here this morning, and I guess they fixed it up then. Seen the ring?"

Peggy nodded. There was a singing in her heart, and she wondered if Bob could hear it.

"Trashy looking ring," commented Holcomb, fumbling in his pocket; then he drew forth a leather case and extracted a ring, the conventional engagement ring—a large solitaire. As he slipped it on Peggy's willing finger he said tenderly:

"Now, most people would say it was just like a hundred of her engagement rings, but it isn't. There isn't another ring like it in the world, Peggy, because it means that we are betrothed with it. It means that our love will always overcome any foolish misunderstandings, eh, Peggy, darling?" he murmured as he slipped his arm around her waist.

And Peggy smiled assent, with a light of new understanding in her eyes.

Down Growing Roots.

The diametrically downward trend of the first root is all the more remarkable when we consider that the subsequent ramifications grow out in any direction which seems to be desirable. Many years ago Colonel Greenwood started some experiments by fixing horse chestnut seeds in inverted pots. The first root to appear developed downward into the light, but naturally soon shriveled up and died. Not so the secondary roots, which had spread into the soil of the pot. The upper parts of the plants, which had presumably first grown to one side and then shot upward, continued to flourish exceedingly. It is related that for no less than twenty years Colonel Greenwood kept one of these chestnuts alive, all the time in an upside down condition as far as the roots were concerned. When the plant became too large for its original receptacle its roots were incased in a chimney pot, several of these latter being called into requisition as the experiment continued. Finally the root was turned over a wall, and conducted to a mound of earth on the other side, at last being allowed to take a natural course. This the long suffering tree readily did and remained for some time a great curiosity with its long arching root.—Scientific American.

The Magician and the King.

A magician once traveled to New Zealand. It was arranged that he should give an exhibition of mind reading before the king of the Maoris. After a good deal of parleying it was decided that the king himself should conceal the article which the magician was to discover.

The mind reader left the room and after a time was brought back blindfolded, as is the custom in such performances. After some time the magician declared that the hidden article was in the king's mouth. His majesty shook his head savagely in the negative. The magician insisted upon his point and demanded that the king's mouth be opened wide. The king refused.

The magician insisted, and the excitement became very great until at last the dusky king reluctantly opened his jaws. The article was not there! The next instant, however, the king was taken with a violent fit of coughing. He had tried to swallow the lost article, a button, but could not and was compelled to cough it up.

The Maoris were uproarious with mirth. They did not know which to admire the more—the wisdom of the magician or the heroism of the king.

Wood's Liver Medicine in liquid form for malaria, chills and fever, regulates the liver, kidneys, and bladder, brings quick relief to biliousness, sick-headache, constipation. Pleasant to take. The $1.00 bottle contains 2½ times the quantity of the 50c size. First dose brings relief. Its tonic effects felt at once. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Alma-Tadema's Miraculous Escape From Death.

FREAKS OF AN EXPLOSION.

The Artist's House Was Wrecked, and How He Got Out Alive and Uninjured Is a Mystery—The Puzzle of the Staircase and Hallway.

In 1874 a canalboat carrying a hundred barrels of gunpowder along the Regent's park canal in London exploded just opposite the magnificent house of Laurence Alma-Tadema, the famous artist, across the road. This happened at 4 o'clock on a rainy morning. Every window in London within a radius of a mile was smashed, and the houses in the immediate vicinity, though solidly built of brick and stone, were wrecked.

"I was sound asleep in bed at the time," said Alma-Tadema, "and the first I knew of the explosion was when I found myself standing out on the sidewalk in front of my house in the rain, with my pajamas on and bare feet. How I got there I never knew. The entire top of the brick wall in front of the lawn before my house was blown off, and the front of the house itself was as if driven in by the blow of a giant's fist.

"The canalboat, we found out afterward, had blown up underneath a solid bridge that crossed the canal at that point. Had it not been for that my house and the others near it would have been utterly knocked to pieces. It was fortunate, too, that there was no one on the street at the time. Had the explosion occurred in the daytime hundreds of persons might have been killed or maimed.

"But the strangest episode connected with the event concerned the man whose duty it was to keep watch on the bridge during the night. His name was Peter Knox. He was thirty-seven years old, married and had two children. I knew the fellow and had often chatted with him on the bridge. The day before the explosion he had arranged with a friend of his to come at 4 o'clock and relieve him. It was a Saturday, and he wanted to take his wife and children a little trip down to Bushey park on the Thames, and he wished to get to his home by early east London by time so as to have breakfast and be off early on Sunday morning.

"Well, as 4 o'clock drew near, Peter, so he told me afterward, began to feel anxious lest his friend should have forgotten the appointment. He paced up and down the bridge and looked up the street, but the morning was so dark and misty with the rain that he could see only a short distance. A few minutes before 4, he said, he heartily a line of canalboats come slowly down toward the bridge, but paid no special attention to them.

"Just before the first boat passed under the bridge he stepped off it, though in doing so he was infringing the regulations, and sauntered up the street in the direction from which he expected his friend to appear. He had gone about forty yards when the explosion took place, and when he turned not a brick of the bridge was left. If he had been less impatient or if his friend had been more prompt, one or both of them would never have been seen or heard of again.

"But my own little adventure was singular enough. As I said, I was not conscious of having been awakened by the explosion, still less of having got out of bed, come downstairs, opened the front door and stepped out to the sidewalk. The shock had knocked all memory of these acts out of my head, and I have never recovered it.

"But what puzzled me most was the condition of things I found when I went back into the house. The hall was a mass of wreckage, and the staircase from top to bottom was covered with pieces of broken glass, sharp as razors and so distributed that I found it impossible to ascend without a light to show me where not to tread.

"Nevertheless I had come down those same stairs, with my eyes shut or unseeing, and had never so much as scratched my bare feet. The thing was impossible, and yet I had done it. I had been skeptical about miracles before that, but since then I have been both a believer and an evangelist."—Chicago Record-Herald.

His Quietus.

The bridegroom relaxed for a moment his arm's tense pressure.

"What would you do," he whispered hoarsely, "if by some terrible accident I should be drowned?"

In the mild moonlight he saw his young wife pale and shudder.

"Oh, don't, Tom!" she cried. "How can you? You know I don't look well in black."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Not Impressed.

"I have been abroad in the best of society," boasted the city youth. "Why, even my trunks bear the labels of Switzerland."

"Gosh, that ain't nothing, sonny!" drawled his rural uncle. "So does a box of cheese."—Chicago News.

She Recalled an Instance.

"Mrs. Peddicord," said that lady's husband, "did you ever say anything that you afterward regretted saying?"

"Certainly. I said 'Yes' once and have been sorry for it ever since."—Detroit Free Press.

When a woman does it at home she calls it the "wash," but when she sends it down town she calls it the "laundry."—Atchison Globe.

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"LANDING" A BURGLAR

By Martha Cobb Sanford.

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The wedding was over, the goodbys and the good nights had all been said and the Montelliths' big stone house, radiant only a few hours ago with light and laughter, was now grimly dark and silent.

But excitement had set the maid of honor's pulse to throbbing, and she could not sleep. Over and over again she went through her part of the stately ceremony to the slow, majestic music of the wedding march.

Over and over again she remembered that endless, measured walk down the long church aisle, with the jungle scent of roses everywhere and the trembling consciousness of the best man's gaze fixed unwaveringly upon her.

And she recalled all the pretty things he had said to her afterward—that she was like a dream girl come true, that she was more beautiful than the blushing bride herself. What shameless hypocrisy, when the bride was his very own sister!

Wedding nights, sighed Elsie, were much like Hallowe'ens—one dipped into the future and saw sweet visions, but only visions, after all! Yet still she sat in her shimmery green, maid of honor frock, the moonlight shedding a wondrous frost upon it. From some distant point a clock struck twice. She rose with determination—then suddenly became tense and rigid. Her heart was in her mouth.

In the room just diagonally across the hall, which was the upstairs sitting room, she had distinctly heard a window opened. It flashed across her instantly that burglars had come after the wedding presents. Her own door, the night being stifling warm, stood part way open, but she was too paralyzed with fear to run and lock it.

She listened with strained ears for any further sound. It soon followed. The burglar stumbled against some things. For a few minutes after that all was horribly still. Then, with cat like step, Elsie heard him coming for the hall.

Should she scream? She tried to, but could not. Her voice stuck in her throat.

By the aid of the moonlight Elsie could make out a dark form creeping past her own room toward the stairs. Thank goodness, he was not going to bind and gag her or hold her up at the point of a pistol!

But the wedding presents! Should she let him steal them without crying to give an alarm? Yes, she would. The bride and groom could not be so very much attached to them. They had not had them long enough, and it was an awfully long way down the hall to Mr. Montelith's room.

There was no one near her except two of the bridesmaids, and a precious lot of good it would do to wake them. This reflection had the effect of stiffening her—into courage. No, he should not carry off those wedding presents she, Elsie Laurie, would say that he did not.

She was relieved to find that she could really move. She tiptoed to the door and listened. Not a sound. So she ventured stealthily out into the hall and even peeked over the balustrade. Still no sound and as dark as a pocket.

Could she have been dreaming? Before she roused the house she would make quite sure. Creeping down to the landing of the stairs, she crouched behind the balustrade and waited, her heart thumping rapidly.

Suddenly the dining room portieres parted, and a man holding a lighted cigarette stepped out from behind them.

Elsie gave a frightened cry of "Robert!" and fainted.

When she recovered she was choking over something very strong and burning that some one was pouring down her throat. She opened her eyes and recognized Robert Montieth bending over her.

"Did you catch the burglar?" she asked him weakly.

"Elsie, my poor child," he said, lifting her gently till her head rested against his shoulder, "there wasn't any burglar. It was just me. I'm so sorry."

She looked dazed, as if she could not understand.

"You must have been awfully scared dear," he went on tenderly. "I'll tell you how it happened. I chased the bride and groom, you know, to find out where they were going, and when I finally got back here I remembered I hadn't any key. So I climbed up over the porch and got in through the sitting room window. I thought you were all asleep, and I knew if I did that I wouldn't disturb anybody," he ended, with a somewhat sheepish smile.

Elsie smiled a little too. She was beginning to see the humor of the situation. By degrees she told him her side of the story.

"You're the bravest girl in all the world, dearest, and I"—

"Did you stub your toe against something just after you got in?" she interrupted, with tousing irrelevance.

He admitted, rather shortly, that he did.

"It was awfully quiet for a few minutes afterward," she observed dryly.

"Yes, I wasn't saying much—out loud. But, say, Elsie"—he broke off resolutely, swinging her thoughts round to more personal matters again—"what would you say if I turned into a real burglar after all and tried to steal you on the spot?"

"I'm not a bit afraid," she answered him calmly, her eyes looking with adorable assurance straight into his. "Tonight has made me wonderfully coura—Goodness! What's that?" she whispered, trembling with fright.

A door in the upper hall had opened softly.

Before Robert could answer she had reached up to the electric button on the wall and switched off the light.

Immediately a voice commanded "Who's there?"

"It's I, father," Robert called hoarsely. "Don't shoot."

Realizing then what a thoughtlessly dangerous thing she had done, Elsie as suddenly turned on the light again and bravely faced the astonished Robert Montieth, Sr.

"Explain yourself, sir," ordered Robert's father sternly.

And Robert explained.

"It was all your fault, anyhow, dad," he finished, with ingenuous climax: "You shouldn't have left the window unlocked."

Mr. Montieth accepted the reproof good-humoredly. "You have my forgiveness, son," he added, with benignant smile, extending his outstretched hands over the two young lovers, "my very heartfelt blessing."

At this psychological moment half a dozen other doors were thrown open, and a motley audience collected at the head of the stairs, all demanding simultaneously to know the cause of the disturbance. In their gala, but decidedly unconventional attire one would hardly have recognized the smart bridal party of the earlier evening.

Poor Robert was forced to explain all over again.

"Well, is that all?" commented one of the erstwhile bridesmaids, rubbing her eyes. "If I'd known this was only a fake burglar show I wouldn't have stirred a step. When I saw Mr. Montieth spreading out his arms so dramatically"—the girl gave a capital imitation of the gesture—"over somebody, I thought it must be another wedding ceremony for sure, and I came out to join in the procession."

There was a general laugh at the expense of Elsie and Robert, but the latter was unabashed.

"That gives me a perfectly great idea," he exclaimed jubilantly. "I here with invite you all to an impromptu wedding. You can all be rehearsing while I run across the street and rouse up the minister. What do you say, Elsie?"

Elsie blushed, blinked and protested.

"You're absolutely crazy, Rob. Besides, I'm too sleepy," she pleaded. "I couldn't keep awake during the ceremony, but," she added facetiously, "the invitations are just postponed. We'll ask you all again at some more proper time."

"Hear, hear!" they all cried enthusiastically, and "Hurrah, hurrah, hurrah!" after which most unreasonable demonstration the big house put out its lights once more and settled down to sleep.

Knew She Was Ugly.

The Duchess of Orleans, mother of the regent who governed France during the minority of Louis XV., was notorious for her ugliness. She wrote:

"From early youth I knew how ugly I was and hated to have people look sharply at me. I never cared for dress, as I knew that diamonds and ornaments would only attract attention to me. Once Countess Soissons asked me why I never turned to look at a mirror in passing, as every other woman did. I told her I could not endure the sight of my own face.

"As a girl I must have been very ugly. I had little, blinking eyes, a pug nose and a big mouth with thick lips. My face was broad and fat and my figure short and stumpy. Nobody would have tolerated me except for my good disposition.

"I don't suppose that there was in the whole world another pair of hands as ugly as mine. The king often told me so, and I laughed, for I was resolved always to laugh at my hideousness. I must confess that I had to laugh very often.

"What surprised me most was that any one could fall in love with me. I was notoriously the ugliest woman at court, yet I was married at nineteen.

"I often asked my husband if the sight of me was not repulsive and what he had seen in me that induced him to fall in love with me. I never got a satisfactory answer, but I think that I must have had some other attractions which outweighed my ugliness."

Had to Buy It.

"Now," said the agent, "I am sure I have got what you want. Now, here is a new patent paper cutter, sir, that I am selling for 25 cents. It is the best in the market—never tears the pages of an uncut book."

"Very nice, indeed," interrupted his victim, "but I have no uncut books and so"—

"I suspected that, sir," returned the agent. "That's why I have brought along this beautiful uncut copy of Fox's 'Book of Martyrs.' Three hundred pages of elevating reading, embellished with beautiful pictures. Just the thing for a center table in this superb binding"—

"I haven't got a center table," said the victim. "So, you see"—

"Fine!" said the agent. "Let me show you the catalogue of our company's furniture. It is all of the very best make, and a center table like that in the picture on page 22 will prove an ornament in your parlor"—

"But I haven't any parlor. I have no house, my friend. Consequently"—

"Glorious!" cried the agent. "I represent the Own Your Own Home company of"—

"Oh, thunder!" said the victim. "Here's your quarter. I'll take a paper cutter."—Judge.

When one runs after wit he is sure to catch nonsense.—Montesquieu.

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NIPPING A CAREER.

Young W. S. Gilbert's Brief Interview With Charles Kean.

At the early age of fifteen, according to the author of a biography of Sir W. S. Gilbert, the future dramatist showed his theatrical bias to his own undoing.

Enraptured with a splendid performance of "The Corsican Brothers" at the Princess theater, then under the management of Charles Kean, young Gilbert packed up a few clothes in a hand bag and actually succeeded in making an entrance to the theater with a view to going on the stage. Greatly elated at receiving the message that Kean would see him in his room, the boy lost courage when he was face to face with the great actor.

"So you would like to go on the stage?" said Kean.

"Yes, sir," replied Master Gilbert, trembling in every limb.

"What's your name?"

The boy's imagination failed him at a critical moment in his life. "Gilbert," he faltered, seeking refuge in the truth.

"Gilbert, Gilbert?" reiterated Kean with a sharp glance at the embarrassed boy. "Are you the son of my old friend, William Gilbert?"

"Yes."

Kean turned to his attendant. "See this young gentleman home," said he.

THE UPPER AIR.

Danger in the Chill That Comes With the Fall of Night.

Few people who visit Denver realize that it is located only a few feet short of a mile above the sea level. At such altitudes the climate is always treacherous. The midday sun may be broiling hot, but after dark the air is soon chilled and one is liable to contract a cold.

Several of the Spanish cities stand upon the crests of tall hills, where such climatic changes occur after nightfall. When, as a boy at the grand opera, I saw Spaniards in "Carmen" or "The Barber of Seville" toss their long cloaks or capes about their faces I assumed that the act was intended to disguise them to hide their faces. Nothing of the sort. The Spaniard, like the Italian of the Alpine regions, always covers his mouth after sundown to minimize danger to his lungs from the night air.

Curiously the women haven't any fear of the chill that follows the darkness. They may be seen in low cut bodices at all hours of the evening in the cafés, at balls and on the streets. The men, however, are in terror of cold night winds. Pneumonia and tuberculosis carry off a great many victims in Spain and northern Italy.—Judge Chambers in Brooklyn Eagle.

Not a Dead One.

The hour was long past midnight, but the young girl had not yet retired. Mounting a chair, her hands she walked the room dramatically.

"Oh, father!"

A stately, white haired figure in evening dress had entered.

"Father, speak. Has Winterbottom Hunce killed himself? I hear I'm committin' suicide pollitickle, or suck as of a receivin' a fall as of a heavy body. I refused Winterbottom early in the evening and as he skurried from the room despair writ large upon his pale brow, he swore wildly to end his own life."

The old man's eye glistened a little with some secret joy.

"Refused him, did you?" he chuckled. "Refused Winterbottom—eh? Well, I'm glad you did. He's just cleaned me out of $7 in a poker game at the club."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Legend of Moses.

The story of the cause of Moses' slowness of speech is given in the Talmud and runs as follows: Pharaoh was one day sitting on his throne, with Moses on his lap when the child took off the king's crown and put it on his own head. The "wise men" tried to persuade the king that this was treason, for which the child ought to be put to death, but Jethro replied: "It is the act of a child who knows no better. Let two plates be set before him, one containing gold and the other red-hot coals, and you will find he will prefer the latter to the former." The experiment being made, the child snatched up one of the live coals, put it into its mouth and burned its tongue so severely that it was ever after "heavy and slow of speech."—New York American.

Bee Economics.

The organization of bee life is a fascinating study. The workers in a beehive may be divided, says the University Correspondent, into (1) harvesters, who bring in honey and pollen from flowers, wax from buds of pines and poplars, water to mix with pollen and honey to make the pasty food for the larvæ; (2) scavengers, who in early morning carry out debris, including dead, sick or injured workers; (3) ventilators, who stand erect and keep their wings in continual movement in order to ventilate the hive; (4) guards, who defend the hive from wasps, robber bees and other enemies.

Her Baseball Idea.

Elsie—What are geese eggs in—in baseball match? Harry—They are innings when no runs are made. Why did you ask? Elsie—Oh, I thought maybe they were laid by the fouls in the game.—Chicago News.

They Have Horns.

Teacher (giving a lesson on the rhinoceros)—Now can you name any other things that have horns and are dangerous to get near? Sharp Pupil—Motor cars.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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WHAT COLORS TELL.

The Way the Spectroscope Reads the Sun and Stars.

When one lights a common sulphur match in the dark it is worth while to notice what happens. First, its phosphorus gives out faint yellow rays and almost at the same time the sulphur begins to burn with bluish beams.

As yet the flame yields little light. In a moment or two the wood of the match takes fire, and then a stream of clear white light pours forth. Each of the materials of the match—its phosphorus, sulphur and wood—has shone in burning with a color of its own.

In a street lighted by electricity and gas the eye detects at once the difference between the white rays of the one and the yellow beams of the other. If nitrate of strontia is set on fire we have a splendid red flame. Fillings of copper burn with a glow of greenish blue, and a fine, pure blue is had when filings of zinc are ignited. These and other such substances furnish the makers of fireworks with his materials.

Rockets, roman candles and bombs all derive their beauty from the special hints which attend the combustion of their ingredients. And any one who has once seen the colors peculiar to common salt, iron or antimony as they trace themselves on the evening sky will always know what is at hand when he sees those colors again.

Sir John Herschel was the first to understand that colors of this kind tell a wonderful story. He will know how the stars varied in that—that Aldebaran was ruddy, Arcturus yellow and Sirius the most glorious of all, white. Might not the colors of a body aflame, whether on earth or in the sky, really be telling us of what that body was composed?

His suggestion was taken up, and its fruit is that marvel of ingenuity, the spectroscope. One of its principal parts is a prism employed to break up the hues. These hues, which are divided by many dark lines, make known to us that the sun and stars are built of such materials as compose our own globe.

Yet more, they tell us what kind of atmosphere surrounds them and, most astonishing of all, give us the rate at which a remote star is moving toward or from the this orb we inhabit.—New York Herald.

NEW YORK WAITERS.

They Spoiled the Appetite of the Transplanted Citizen.

"The New York waiters have got on my nerves," said a transplanted citizen from a smaller town. "Dining in the magnificent hotels and restaurants would be a joy if some one would kindly remove the waiters while you dine. I can't look at them for the big, black buzzards that hover over your head in flocks.

"There are so many waiters standing around, all in black, and they look so big and alert that their faces or their hands so close to you and your dinner that you feel like throwing the cutlery at them. When your waiter has disappeared a spare edition lurks right after you, filling your glass, crowding dishes, giving you more butter, and if you look away from him, the head waiter has his eye on you.

"The most maddening thing of all to me is the way the waiter orders your dinner for you. One took me in hand the other night, and I let him have his way just to see what he would do to me. I hate fish, but he averred that fish was the best thing I could eat and one particular fish was the chef's masterpiece. He brought it and, ye gods, it was fish all greasy with a dope made of cheese and mushrooms that almost finished me; but, fortunately, he only let me take two bites when he whisked my plate away and set down a salad that had several kinds of fruit laced to lettuce leaves, with strips of red and green peppers and French dressing over that. I barely looked at that when he took it away in triumph and gave me an ice cream thick with chestnuts and fruits.

"Now, I'll go on rare roast beef, plain lettuce and never take dessert, so you see how near he came to suiting me. 'Come again, sir,' said he. 'Not if I'm conscious,' said I."—New York Times.

Blue Drinks.

"Champagne is golden," said a bartender, "beer is amber, claret is red, cream of mint is green, whisky is brown, punches are white, but you will never, never find a drink that is blue. Doesn't the thought of a blue drink seem unpleasant to you?

"Blue drinks could be easily made, but the public would have none of them. Nothing blue would go down with the public. Why is this aversion to blue so general? Many reasons have been advanced, but none of them is good. One is that blue, being the color of poison berries, incites distaste and horror."—New York Press.

Even the Hash.

Embarrassed in the fashionable restaurant by the menus written in French, the Wall street man of business exclaimed:

"Hang these frolds, entrements and hors d'oeuvres! Bring me a plate of good plain hash if you've got such a thing on the premises."

"You mean an olla podrida, sir," said the waiter in a tone of dignified reproach. "And afterward?"—Cincinnati Enquirer.

Perhaps He Was.

One pupil whispered to the next, "Our teacher is a regular duffer."

The professor, who had just put a question to the class, thought the boy was framing a reply and said, "Come, my lad, speak up. Perhaps you are right."—Pathfinder.

Kodol is a combination of the natural digestive juices and it digests all classes of food and every kind of food, so you see it will do the work that the stomach itself does. The only difference between it and the stomach is the stomach can get out of order. Buy Kodol to-day. It is guaranteed. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Subscribe for the MINER.

GRANT AND A. T. STEWART.

Nomination of the Merchant For Secretary of the Treasury.

It was not unnatural that in the absolute absence of political experience President Grant should not only have had much to learn concerning the nature and conduct of civil government, but that he should also have had much to unlearn of the mental habits and the ways of thinking he had acquired in the exercise of large—indeed, almost unlimited—military command. This was strikingly illustrated by some remarkable incidents.

As usual, the nominations made by the president for cabinet offices were promptly ratified by the senate without being referred to any committee. But after this had been done it was remembered and reported to President Grant that one of the nominees so confirmed, A. T. Stewart of New York, whom President Grant had selected for the secretaryship of the treasury, as a person engaged in commerce was disqualified by one of the oldest laws on the statute book—in fact, the act of Sept. 2, 1789, establishing the treasury department. That this law, which provided that the treasury department, having the administration of the custom houses under its control, should not have at its head a merchant or importer in active business, was entirely proper—indeed, a necessary one—had never been questioned. The next morning, March 6, I had occasion to call upon President Grant for the purpose of presenting to him a congratulatory message from certain citizens of St. Louis. I found him alone engaged in writing something on a half sheet of note paper. "Mr. President," I said, "I see you are busy, and I do not wish to interrupt you. My business can wait." "Never mind," he answered, "I am only writing a message to the senate." My business was quickly disposed of, and I withdrew.

In the course of that day's session of the senate a message from the president was brought in in which, after quoting the statute of Sept. 2, 1789, the president asked that Mr. Stewart be exempted by joint resolution of the two houses of congress from the operation of the law which stood in Mr. Stewart's way. There were some signs of surprise among senators when the message was read, and Mr. Sherman at once asked unanimous consent to introduce a bill in accordance with the president's wish. But Mr. Sumner objected to the immediate consideration thereof because of its great importance. This stopped further proceedings, and the bill was laid on the table, never to be heard of again.—Carl Schurz's Reminiscences in McClure's.

Miles and the Reporter.

"General Nelson A. Miles always did like to have fun with news reporters," said an old army officer. "Another one years ago I had an unfortunate Washington correspondent a big story about a new gun metal that some genius was supposed to have just discovered. It was a wonderful alloy which was as tough as steel and as light as aluminum. By its use, the general said, it would be possible to build guns which would weigh no more than the immense projectiles which they fired.

"The correspondent was delighted and went off and wrote a beautiful article, which produced volumes of laughter throughout the entire artillery service. You see, it doesn't require a very profound knowledge of ballistics to know that if a gun and projectile both weigh exactly the same amount they would fly in opposite directions with exactly the same velocity when the powder was fired."

Prehistoric.

Little Girl—I've got a father and a mayyer and a grandfather. Old Gent—And how old is yer grandfather? Little Girl—I don't know, but we've had him a long time.

Advertise!

The speedy way to market a product is to give it publicity, and the newspaper is the medium through which to reach all the world.—Waco Times-Herald

PROSPERITY!

The Man who looks ahead.

No man ever saw prosperity ahead of him except through a bank account.

The man who succeeds is the man who looks ahead and plans for the future. He realizes that money is absolutely essential if he intends to be of use in the world. A small sum will open a bank account. A bank account establishes credit. Good credit opens the way to all things prosperous. Open an account with the Grange National Bank to-day and lay the foundation for a fortune.

Grange National Bank

of McKean County.

New Fall and Winter Styles in Shoes.

Gold Seal and Goodyear Rubbers.

Anderson & Carlson,

Smethport, Pa.

Repairing a Specialty.

G. H. DENNING

MEATS

FRESH and SALT.

FISH

Groceries

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 22, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL

—Miss Orra Blever, who has been confined to the house by sickness, is at her duties at Fry & Coines store.

—Mrs. Matilda Morrell, aged 90 years, died at the home of her daughter, Mrs. L. V. Daggett, in Bradford Monday afternoon. She was highly esteemed by many friends in that city and vicinity.

—Miss Clara Doyle of Sartwell had a sad and memorable day Tuesday, Oct. 20, 1908. It was her birthday, her father, Wm. T. Doyle, was buried on that day and she received the Holy Rite of confirmation.

—Manton M. Wyvell has sold through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar, the standing timber in his lot of 110 acres in Scott Hollow, town of Bolivar, to Becker Bros. of Ceres, N. Y., who will saw it out with a portable mill the coming winter.

—Mrs. Esther Webster of East Smethport was a caller Tuesday at Degolia, where she taught school 70 years ago. The lady was able to locate but one of her pupils among the living, although she found markers for many of them in the little cemetery by the roadside.—Bradford record.

—The Mt. Jewett Herald tells a story of a traveling man who met a 14-year-old girl in Mt. Jewett one day last week and tried to entice her to go to Bradford with him on pretext of getting her a position in a store, and the frustration of his dastardly plans by a lady who overheard part of their conversation. Such vampires in human form should be handled without gloves, whenever found.

—Mrs. Elizabeth Freeman, the oldest woman in the state, died at the home of her grandson, John Freeman, at Red Bank, Pa., on Saturday at 12:07 p. m. at the age of 114 years. The deceased was born in Connellsville, Fayette county, Oct. 4, 1794, and lived all her life in this State. She always smoked and was never sick a day in her life. She became blind three years ago. She is survived by the following children, all of whom are octogenarians: Thomas Freeman of Red Bank, James Freeman of Mosgrove, Mrs. William Morley of Red Bank, Mrs. John Campbell of Red Bank and Mrs. John Kirkwood of Armstrong county. The funeral services took place Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock at Wattersonville.—Bradford Star.

—The Redfield building on Main street is being repainted, Engstrom brothers are doing the work.

—The C. A. Walcott farm of 118 acres located 2½ miles northwest of Shinglehouse, Pa., was sold on Friday through the Herrick Agency of Bolivar to Charles Wilbur of Allentown, N. Y., who takes possession at once.

—Mrs. Philecta Smith died at her home in Farmers Valley Saturday night, Oct. 24. She was 65 years of age and the cause of her death was pneumonia. Mrs. Smith is survived by two sons, Frank Smith of Bradford and O. N. Smith of Farmers Valley. The funeral was held at the church, in that place on Monday afternoon, Rev. Culbertson officiating.

—Decrees to prevent pollution of the streams of the State have just been issued by the State Department of health. Two western Pennsylvania towns, Cambridge Springs, Crawford county, and Clintonville, Venango county, have been refused State permission to construct sewer systems which would go into the Allegheny River watershed and have been informed that they must first provide sewage disposal plants.

—Plenty of game is predicted for the next two years as a result of the forest fires which have raged in more than a dozen of the mid-state counties, by Dr. J. C. Kalbfus, secretary to the State Game Commission, who has visited the burned areas. He says that the damage done to the forests is great, but that game did not suffer much, as the animals and birds were sufficiently develoed to get out of the way. The fire was so great that it destroyed the large trees, and the areas burned over will be covered with young grass and new shoots next year, so that there will be fine grazing grounds for the animals the coming summer. This fact will do much to provide sustenance for the game.—Mansfield Advertiser.

At any time when your stomach is not in good condition, you should take Kodol, because Kodol digests all the food you eat, and it supplies health and strength for the stomach in that way. You take Kodol just for one little while when you have slight attacks of indigestion, and you take it just a little longer in order to get relief from severe attacks of indigestion or Nervous Dyspepsia. Try Kodol to-day. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Tired mothers, worn out by the peevish, cross baby have found Cascarweet a boon and a blessing. Cascarweet is for babies and children, and is especially good for the ills common to hot weather. Look for the ingredients printed on the bottle. Contains no harmful drugs. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.50.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport.

Brasted's

BAKED GOODS
TOBACCO
CIGARS

AND FINE CONFECTIONERY

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable quarterly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertions.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 29, 1908.

Republican Ticket.

FOR PRESIDENT
WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
of Ohio

FOR VICE PRESIDENT
JAMES S. SHERMAN
of New York

FOR JUDGE OF SUPERIOR COURT
WILLIAM D. PORTER
of Pittsburg

FOR CONGRESS
CAPT. C. F. BARCLAY
of Smethport

FOR SENATOR
FRANK E. BALDWIN
of Austin

FOR ASSEMBLY
HON. ROBERT P. HABGOOD
of Bradford
HON. JAMES A. McKEAN
of Smethport

FOR SHERIFF
WILLIAM H. MORRISON
of Smethport

FOR PROTHONOTARY
BENJ. F. STARSKY
of Smethport

FOR RECORDER
HOMER M. CHOATE
of Smethport

FOR REGISTER OF WILLS
JOHN B. EASTMAN
of Smethport

FOR CLERK OF THE COURTS, ETC.
FRANK R. FOSTER
of Smethport

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY
GUY B. MAYO
of Smethport

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONERS
A. M. MARSH
of Bradford
JOHN A. PETERSON
of Bradford

FOR COUNTY AUDITORS
A. A. ABBEY
of Smethport
ALBERT R. ANDERSON
of Clermont

VOTE for William H. Morrison for Sheriff.

VOTE for Frank E. Baldwin for State Senator.

VOTE for Guy B. Mayo for District Attorney.

VOTE for Frank R. Foster for Clerk of the Courts.

VOTE for Homer M. Choate for Recorder of Deeds.

VOTE for Charles F. Barclay for Member of Congress.

VOTE for William D. Porter for Judge of the Superior Court.

VOTE for A. A. Abbey and A. R. Anderson for County Auditors.

VOTE for John A. Peterson and A. M. Marsh for County Commissioners.

VOTE for John B. Eastman for Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court.

VOTE for William H. Taft and James S. Sherman for President and Vice President.

VOTE for James A. McKean and Robert P. Habgood and the best interests of McKean county.

VOTE for B. F. Starsky for Prothonotary, he is an able, energetic young man who merits your support.

WOMEN in New York have started in to Hobsonize the great William Jennings Bryan. Bill, we can see your finish.

FIFTY men were arrested near Union City, Tenn., on Sunday on a charge of murder. They are night riders and are charged with killing Captain Quentin Rankin.

THE fusion between the Democrats and the Prohibitionists is a joke that causes the "personal liberty" element of the Democracy to do much smiling.—Bradford Era.

THE recent movements of the Prohibitionists and their allies, the Democrats, should have the effect of lining up the Republicans solidly for the support of the Republican ticket.

SO anxious are some of the opponents of Republicanism to defeat some part of the ticket that they are liable to spring almost any kind of a story at the last moment in order to gain votes.

FRANK FOSTER, Republican candidate for clerk of the county court, is well equipped for the duties of the office. He is a man of estimable qualities and will get not only the Republican vote, but some additional support from other parties.—Bradford Era.

HON. JAMES A. MCKEAN deserves the support of all voters regardless of party affiliations, if any candidate ever did. His varied experiences obtained by a lifelong residence in McKean county make him eminently qualified. His most excellent character and his standing as one our representative citizens should make him the choice of all.

VOTE for the whole Republican ticket from top to bottom and you will never regret it, whether you have heretofore been a Republican or Democrat.

THE attack made by the North American on Robert P. Habgood has made him votes in all parts of the county which shows that the voters have the right idea of a square deal.

THE voters of this county should pay no attention to anything sensational that may be sprung at the last moment derogatory to the Republican candidates The opponents of Republicanism are desperate and they are liable to try almost anything in order to win out.

WILLIAM H. MORRISON, candidate for sheriff, has qualifications that splendidly fit him for the duties of the important office of sheriff. He has a record as an official and a private citizen that is clean and creditable. He is a lifelong Republican and a thorough gentleman in all respects. These are some of the reasons why he will have the full support of the Republican party at the polls next Tuesday.—Bradford Era.

THE re-election of Congressman Barclay is assured but it is the duty of every admirer of a clean, honest, upright man for Congressman for this district to vote for him and thereby give him a majority he will feel proud of. He has done much for McKean county, getting, among other things, an appropriation of $70,000 for a public building in Bradford and he expects later to add $80,000 to this amount. He is a warm friend of labor both in public and private life and he merits the support of all voters regardless of party.

A DISPATCH from Dayton, O., dated Oct. 25, says: After an investigation as to the authenticity of the famous Cleveland letter which Boughton Bradenburg sold to the New York Times, Francis Arthur Lewis of New York City, claiming to be the personal representative of Herman Ridder, chairman of the Democratic Executive Committee, stated that the letter was beyond a doubt genuine and so advised Ridder to-night. Lewis was sent to Dayton to investigate the original documents and after a consultation with Bradenburg and an examination of what is alleged to be the original manuscript, he was convinced of its genuineness. He advised Ridder to have the prosecution of Bradenburg dropped.

THE editor of the Mt. Jewett Herald says that our townsman, F. D. Gallup, closed his remarks at the Republican meeting held there last Thursday in such a fashion as to stamp him ready to play the political game at the lowest of low levels." He also says: "All that Gallup accomplished beyond exposing his own moral status, is the emphasing of the fact that there are upon his ticket candidates who in his own opinion, honest men are not likely to support as a matter of choice." Coming from this source this certainly is good. The character of F. D. Gallup, who is known throughout the whole county as abusive reprobate is attacked by Gen. McClellan, who expects to make Democratic votes by such methods. But Tom McClellan is a peculiar fellow. In order to knock Messrs. McKean and Habgood he speaks of "theft in the form of appropriations" and thereby infers that the stockholders and directors of the Bradford and Kane hospitals, the Beacon Light Mission and the McKean County Fair Ass'n are receivers of stolen goods. But luckily the smooth faced he saint of the mountain is too well-known to be taken seriously.

Kane Closes Campaign.

I have made a fight for which I was wholly unprepared. When I solicited the Prohibition nomination, I explained to my fellow Prohibitionists, that my purpose was simply to consolidate temperance forces for the Local Option struggle; and that I proposed to withdraw in favor of Senator Williams if he received the Republican nomination, declared himself in favor of prohibition and promised to support Local Option. I had had no communication with him or his friends on the subject; but simply knew that he was a Christian and felt that as such he could be relied on. The

liquor men evidently reached the same conclusion, and determined on his defeat. I had no alternative but to run for the office and I have done so to the best of my limited ability. I am neither a saint nor an angel. In thirty busy years I have done some things that displeased some of my neighbors. Is there a candidate who has not?

FUNDS. I have been handicapped by lack of funds. The effort to keep my industries running and my men employed during hard times consumed all my income and as much as I could borrow. To obtain sufficient money for my newspaper campaign and my contributions to State and National work; I sold off a timber lot, and my aged mother donated $500. No one else contributed a dollar. I have paid for advertising space in 33 newspapers, contributed to the prohibition and Local Option county funds, paid $5 for a band, $5 for a hall and about $900 for postage, telephone, etc., about $80 for printing, a moderate salary to a zealous young seminary student, and his and my traveling expenses. The public ought to know in advance, whose and how money is spent in campaigns.

VOLUNTEER AID. Since my campaign opened I have had any amount of assistance offered gratuitously by that class of people, the noblest in the land, who, not having money to spare, place heart and soul, thought and work, at the service of God and Humanity. The Local Option cause is dear to such; and they recognize in me its representative. I have been obliged to leave them to their resources, each to do what he could unaided.

ENTANGLING ISSUES. I have resisted every temptation to air my views on public questions not at issue politically, or which do not come before me as a State Senator. Even my cards have borne no mark but Prohibition and Local Option.

NON-PARTISAN. Intend to represent an overwhelming Republican district; and should be unfair to my constituents if I did not give the benefit of the doubt to Republican measures not inconsistent with my Prohibition principles. Per contra I find Democrats advocating certain reforms so meritorious that I desired endorsement by that party. Samuel Major Seibert, however, thought it best for the interests of his party that he should hang on to the Democratic nomination. I go before the people uncontrolled by my party. I hope to act as peacemaker and intermediary, endeavoring to remove obnoxiously radical features from party messages, so that they may passed in form acceptible to all the people, and therefore likely to be permanent.

FRANK E. BALDWIN. My opponent, has fought me with kindness and courtesy. I reciprocate his courtesy. We simply stand as representatives of opposite sides of a great issue, virtually accepting the decree of all that is dearest to the fathers and mothers, the business men and the workers of our land. The liquor men united on him and, by strenuous efforts such as they alone would care to use, placed Bliss on the Republican ticket. The temperance men have united on me. Either he or I must be defeated.

HOOKBACKS. I commenced my campaign early, conducted it openly, setting forth my life and my opinions and purposes through the public press. Ample time has been given for any truthful accusation against me to be made. Therefore, if anything injurious to me is published, now that it is too late for contradiction, I must ask you to recognize it as a lie on the face of it. I expect that to be a favorite method. In my youth, when I ran for Assembly, they even had the audacity to publish an affidavit that I had stated that I accepted liquor profits as part of my interest of my father's estate; although the simple fact is that I never inherited anything from anyone except an honest name, education and friendship; and that to this day I have no interest, direct or indirect, in that nefarious business.

CAN'T BE ELECTED. This old time argument—against Prohibition nominees, was exploded last term when five entered the Illinois legislature. In this district the Prohibition amendment in 1889 carried 3 to 2. Two weeks ago a McKean county jury out on a tedious case, took a straw vote, 11 for Kane and 1 for Baldwin.

SPLIT TICKET. The ballot is large, but it is easy to understand, the printed directions "(Mark one)" for instance. Intelligent men prefer to select the names of candidates for each office, even if they pick all of one party. The voter is hiring public servants and ought to feel it his duty to select each one.

I should have liked to see my 25,000 constituents personally, but a painful accident to my foot prevented walking much; and constant use of a cane temporarily crippled my elbow. This week I am entirely well again; but as it is too late to attempt a personal canvass. I must look into your faces from a wood cut, and speak through this newspaper.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

S. M. LOVE.

Although my own campaign has been largely independent, I am grateful for the loyal support by the Local Option League and Prohibition party. The chairman of the latter, S. M. Love, is candidate for county commissioner and likely to be elected. Yet he has worked more strenuously for the success of the three Local Option legislators, Kane, Hilton and Shaw, than for himself. He ought to be supported by all our supporters. Mr. Love is a merchant of Hixford, a thorough business man honest and respected, and will attend to the county's business thoroughly, honestly and respectably. He was elected Jury Commissioner once before, and all law-abiding citizens were pleased with the result. He would prefer to be elected as a majority representative this time, the whole Prohibition ticket is plain, contains all the Local Option legislators, Kane, Hilton and Shaw, and deserves the support of every citizen; but those who prefer to vote the tickets of other parties would do well to give a vote to Mr. Love.

ELISHA KENT KANE.

Burns, bruises and big scratches, big and little cuts or, in fact anything requiring any salve, are best and quickest soothed and healed by DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve. The best salve for piles. Be sure to get DeWitt's. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

DeWitt's Carbolized Witch Hazel Salve is recommended as the best thing to use for piles. It is, of course, good for anything where a salve is needed. Beware of imitations. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Rings Little Liver Pills, for biliousness sick headache, muddy complexion. They tone the liver; do not gripe. They keep you well. 25c. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

DeWitt's Little Early Risers, the famous little liver pills. They are small, sure, safe pills. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

STEP INTO OUR
TAILORING DEPARTMENT

for a few moments, we want to show you what's new in Suitings and Overcoatings. We have many handsome patterns confined to us for this locality. Woolens can't be described on paper, they must be seen to be appreciated.

Our Hobby

is to please you, satisfy you and become your Permanent Tailors.

Suits for Young Men.

Here are the new ideas—Suits of nobby, snappy cloths, square shoulders, and cut just the right length. If you want to know what's going to be wore, come in and take a look at them, it won't cost you anything. Besides we like to show these suits to our young friends.

H. W. RUBIN

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

Buffalo's Great Popular Department Store,
460-470 Main Street.

H. A. MELDRUM CO.

We Open the New Fall Suits for Women

With two offers never before equaled in Buffalo—or anywhere else. We will fill your mail order—or if you come here in person, **we refund your railroad fare** under the conditions of the Retail Merchants' Board.

Fashionable Man-tailored Suits of Broadcloth, Cheviot and Striped Worsteds—three-quarter semi-fitted coats, double or single breasted, lined entirely with soft satin—full-flaring skirt with wide fold. Choice of green, brown, wine, grey and black **$15.00**

Beautifully Tailored Suits of Striped Worsted or Broadcloth—coat 36 inches long, lined with guaranteed satin, and trimmed with tailored straps of same material—notched collar and turnback cuffs. The full-flaring skirt has self-folds. Choice of all the newest shades **$19.75**

This month we are selling the **Rug Stock of a big Department Store** which we bought under price. Save a heap of money on your New Rug!

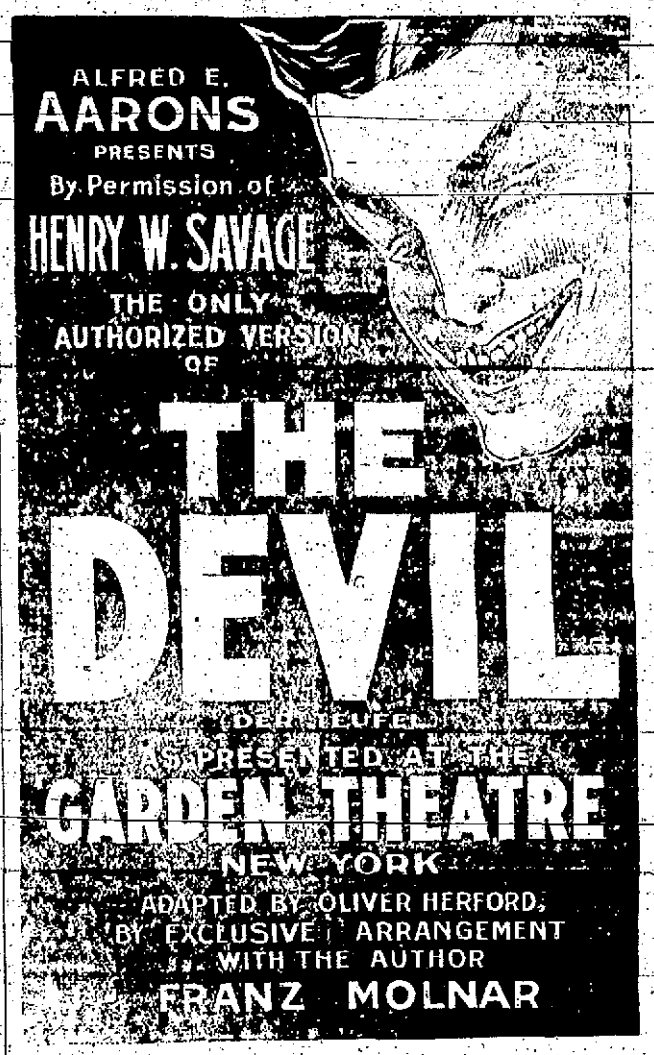
Join Our Fall Piano Club!

Get a $275.00 Piano for $195.00—pay $5.00 down and $1.00 weekly—and besides we give your son or daughter a course of 20 Free Lessons in the Celebrated (Buffalo) Elmwood Conservatory of Music.

H. A. Meldrum Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Smethport Lyceum.

Friday Evening, October 30



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yet it gives the steadiest, most uniform artificial Light known.

"Family Favorite" LAMP OIL

Don't buy any old kind of oil—from tank wagons and promiscuous sources. Get "Family Favorite" from the original barrel direct from our refineries. You are then absolutely sure of the best light to be had—bar none. "Family Favorite" will not smoke, soot or flicker; will not char wick or "frost" chimney. Burns to last drop, full and bright. Ask your dealer. Make him show you the barrel.

WAVERLY OIL WORKS CO., Independent Refiners, PITTSBURG, PA.
Also manufacturers of Waverly Special Auto Oil and Waverly Gasolines.

Marlin

A 6½ lb. field gun, light, strong, hard hitting, true, that's the *Marlin Model 16* Repeating Shotgun, *the best 16 gauge repeating gun ever manufactured.*

For quail and pheasant shooting, woodcock, squirrels, rabbits and other field game you'll find the *Marlin Model 16* without a peer.

Equipped, like the famous *Marlin* Model 19, with the *Marlin* solid top, and the *Marlin* closed-in breech bolt, which shuts out the sand, rain, sleet and snow from the action, having the *Marlin* side ejection and the beautiful *Marlin* balance, this gun is a standard in construction, assembling and quick response to the touch of the trigger. *Have your dealer show it.*

There's a full description of all *Marlin* repeaters, rifles and shot-guns, and lots of valuable information for all gun-lovers in the "*Marlin* Book" just issued. 136 pages with a handsome art cover. It's FREE for 3 stamps postage.

The Marlin Firearms Co.,
42 Willow St., New Haven, Conn.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES, WINES, BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St. W. H. Hunnerford, SMETHPORT

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

Coats and Suits for present wear are selling freely and the assortment is at its best. Call and see them.

Children's Coat Line

Several hundred Coats on the racks to-day are to be reduced and sold rapidly. We mean to sell more Children's Coats than ever before and a reduction in price always accomplishes that end. If the little ones are ready for new Coats we are ready to supply them at a great saving for you.

Sizes from 2 to 20. All at a saving.

Patrician Shoes

at $3.50 and $4.00, for all occasions. We have them.

DALY & GARLICK

As the hunting season is now open you will need a good Gun, either in a double or single barrel. A little ammunition too. We carry the Winchester shells.

Daly & Garlick.

HAMILTON BLOCK

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Oct. 29, 1908.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Harry Marks, Thursday, Oct. 29, 1908, a 10 pound boy.

—Chas. Lemmler is still in a serious condition at his home on Church street.

—Do all you can to boost the Old Home Week celebration for Smethport next year.

—Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Kerr are the happy parents of a baby girl which arrived Sunday, Oct. 25, 1908.

—The Rev. J. H. McCandless is in Pittsburg this week, but will return for the services on next Sunday.

—Miss Vivian Vandervoort and Henry Steadman were married in this place on Saturday, Oct. 24, 1908, by Rev. W. A. Harris.

—Wild cats and rabbits have been seen several times of late, on the streets of Bradford, having been driven out by forest fires.

—A new cement walk has been laid in front of the Gallup building on Main street, occupied by Wm. Glavin and C. A. Denning.

—Col. and Mrs. M. M. Gillette entertained a large party of friends at Bridge whist Saturday evening at their home on Main street.

—Mrs. J. W. Lee and daughter, Margaret, have entirely recovered from diphtheria, which will be pleasing news to their many friends.

—The saw mill of Holmes & Gilfillan finished their work for the season, Saturday. The mill has been in operation since early in the spring.

—Redfield brothers have had a new cement walk laid on the east side of their property occupied as a postoffice and the Smethport laundry.

—Mrs. Bela Ferman of Farmers Valley, was operated upon for appendicitis, Thursday at her home, by Drs. Kane and Chadwick. She is doing as well as could be expected.

—Our neighbor, the Democrat, has been advertising for Bryan contributions for two weeks past but thus far we have failed to see a statement of those who answered the call.

—Mrs. Nettie Barber of East Main street is entertaining about twenty-four ladies with a Horror party this evening, in honor of Mrs. Bertha Davis. Refreshments will be served and each guest depart with some article of horror as a souvenir.

—At St. Luke's church next Sunday, Nov. 1st (All Saints's Day) the services will be as follows: Morning prayer 10 a. m., Holy Communion 10:30 a. m., evening prayer 7:30 p. m. Service at All Saint's chapel at 2:30 p. m.

—The report that in case William H. Morrison is elected Sheriff of this county he would appoint George W. Mitchell as his deputy, is positively denied by Mr. Mitchell, who says he has other plans in view and will not be an applicant.

—The dance given by the Lemon Club last Thursday evening was attended by about 50 couples, who danced until a late hour to the inspiring music of Chadwick's orchestra. The parties given by this club are extremely popular with both old and young in this place.

—Louis Odell, aged about 50 years, who claims a residence at Wetmore, Pa., attempted to commit suicide at Kane last Saturday night. He took a dose of laudanum and threw a fit on one of the principal streets of that place. At the hospital he was pumped out and then taken to the lockup to think matters over.

—A meeting of the business men of this borough will be held at the parlors of the hose house at 2:30 Sunday afternoon for the purpose of discussing the advisability of holding an Old Home Week here next year. This matter should be of vital interest to every person in town and there should be a large attendance.

—The evening entertainments given under the direction of the Teachers' Institute have been unusually good. The Elma B. Smith Concert Co. was the attraction Monday evening, the High School contest Tuesday evening and the Hruby Brothers Wednesday evening. All drew crowded houses and Superintendent Bayle is to be congratulated on his excellent judgment in securing such high-class talent.

—Almon J. Madrid, aged 26 years, died at the Bradford hospital on Tuesday, two hours after being admitted. He was found unconscious in the woods and brought to that institution. About two years ago he was kicked in the head by a horse, fracturing his skull, but had recovered, although his head bothered him at times. It is thought that he was taken suddenly ill from the old trouble which resulted in his death.

—A notable event of the coming theatrical season will be the presentation at the Lyceum on Friday, Oct. 30, by Mr. Alfred E. Aarons, by special arrangement with Mr. Henry W. Savage of the Continental play in three acts by Franz Molnar entitled "The Devil" (Der Teufel). The production that Mr. Aarons will present here is the only authorized version and will be exactly as presented at the Garden Theatre where it succeeded in creating more enthusiasm than any other Dramatic production in the history of New York theatricals.

—Early Tuesday morning Roulette was visited by a destructive fire. It started in the southeast corner of the Cullen, Stickler & Biddle building, and was discovered by a guest of the Central Hotel. Five business places were totally destroyed and the loss is about $23,000, partially covered by insurance. How the fire originated is a mystery as it was first discovered in a building where there was no stove or gas lights burning. This was the third time within the last six years that the business block on River street has been destroyed by fire.

—Eleven-year-old Flora Shira of Cranberry township, on her way through the woods near Monarch Park, Oil City, to take a street car for Franklin, was criminally assaulted and shot in the back of the head with a revolver of 12-calibre Tuesday morning. The girl wandered to the park. She was taken to the Franklin hospital, where the bullet was found imbedded in the muscles of the back of her neck. Fred Campbell, a resident of Cranberry, a married man 36 years of age, was arrested that evening and confronted with his alleged victim. She picked him out as her assailant from among a party composed of the physician, deputy sheriff and detective. Campbell protests his innocence and is in the Franklin jail. The child will recover.

—George Brennan was painfully injured yesterday morning while delivering some goods to the Wright House. In driving between the main and private part of the hotel, with a wagon load of boxes filled with canned goods, he underestimated the closeness of the connecting hall and the load he was upon, until too late to stop the horse and was badly squeezed between the two. He was taken to his home in a semi-conscious condition but upon examination made by Dr. Hamilton no bones were broken and his spine not injured as was first supposed. He is now resting comfortably and no serious results are expected, although he will be confined to his home for some time. Had it not been for the boxes sliding in the wagon his accident would have undoubtedly been fatal.

—In criticising us for our writeup of the recent Democratic mass meeting the Democrat asserts that "Politics will (whatever that is) "has not yet won a political battle," and in its account of the Republican mass meeting a week later says, "It was about as enthusiastic and exciting an affair as a game of main pool played by deaf mutes." Editor Landley was out of town at the time, but his intermittent literary meteor was there and was evidently seeing things. He saw only a few of the faithful sentenced about the room when, in fact the audience was much larger than the one a week previous, which was described by that paper as "one of the largest" etc. He heard only "a flutter of feeble cheers, occasionally" while the one last week was described as "most enthusiastic." This, we suppose the editor of the Democrat considers witty wit.

—Maurice Snyder, a hotel proprietor at Fryburg, Clarion county, was attacked by thugs while driving to Clarion on Tuesday, who shot him in the head and robbed him of about $300, leaving him unconscious in the road. When he recovered consciousness he did not see his horse and buggy and walked to Kurtzhaltze's blacksmith shop 200 yards away. He was in a dazed condition and his face was covered with blood. A doctor who dressed his wound found that he had been shot at the right frontal bone and the ball passed around the right eyebrow and glanced out. The robbers are described as follows: One of them was about 5 feet 10 inches in hight, with heavy mustache, slightly gray, and wore a cap. The other, and the one who did the shooting was not so tall, rather heavy set, middle aged and had two or three-week's growth of beard. Both were roughly dressed. A reward of $500 has been offered for their arrest and conviction.

Death of Maj. W. H. Cowles.

In New York, on Sunday, Oct. 18, 1908, of tuberculosis, Major Warren Hayden Cowles, U. S. A., only son of the late Capt. Warren Cowles of the 58th Regt. Penna. Vol., and Nancy Hayden, his wife.

Major Cowles was a native of Smethport, having been born here forty-eight years ago. He received his military education at West Point where he graduated with honors. He served in the war with Spain, both in Cuba and in the Philippines, but was retired through disability four years ago. He was interred at West Point, Oct. 20th, with military honors.

Many of our townspeople still remember the bright and agile lad, and the brave intelligent youth who spent his childhood among us, but went early out into the world to assume its cares and responsibilities.

His intellectual attainments were of a high order, and his inherent nobility of character did not desert him when he knew himself face to face with the last enemy. He faced the foe as a soldier should, and passed quietly and bravely onward. He leaves one sister, Helen, wife of E. E. Crocker of Pittsburg.

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Lost.

A lady's breast-pin or pendant, with small chain attached, set with pearls and small diamonds. Finder will be liberally rewarded by returning to this office.

DeWitt's Little Early Early Risers are small pills, easy to take, gentle and sure. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

Personal Mention.

E. E. Andrews was home from Shinglehouse this week.

Mrs. M. M. Gillette was in Bradford the first of the week.

P. H. McAbee is spending the week with Wellsville friends.

J. Clayton Backus left Monday on a business trip to Canada.

Daniel Acle of Olean was calling on friends in town yesterday.

Hon. R. P. Habgood of Bradford had business in town Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Colegrove passed Sunday with friends at Olean.

Mrs. Sarah Blake and Mrs. Emil Jahn are visiting Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Mitchell returned home from Bradford Saturday.

Mrs. J. W. Bouton, who was in Bradford a few days last week, has returned.

Miss Edna Coleson of Mt. Jewett was the guest of Miss Edna Herzog, Sunday.

Mrs. Mary Brooder of Buffalo was the guest of her niece, Mrs. Allen Park, this week.

Robert Scott of Port Allegany attended the dance at the Lyceum Saturday evening.

Will Blake of Bradford passed Sunday in town, the guest of his sister, Mrs. J. C. Backus.

Mr. and Mrs. Perry Hogue of Stoneborough, Pa., were guests of friends in town last week.

Misses Bessie Hungerford and Marie Purtle are visiting at Miss Hungerford's home in Rixford.

Miss Rita Gorton is visiting her friend, Miss Rhea Wallace, at Port Allegany this week.

Mr. and Mrs. A. J. Larned of Syracuse, N. Y., are guests of their daughter, Mrs. S. F. Redfield.

Mrs. Wm. Glavin and daughter, Helen, are in Olean this week, guests of relatives and friends.

Mrs. John Forrest and Miss Mollie Kipp returned Friday from a short visit with friends at Kane.

Miss Blanche Chilcothe came over from Bradford Saturday and returned to that place Monday.

Mrs. E. T. Newman and Mrs. H. H. Redfield returned Saturday from a three weeks' stay at New York.

Mrs. Geo. Howe of East Smethport visited friends in Instanter and Johnsonburg the first of the week.

Tom M. McClellan of Mt. Jewett was in town Tuesday and attended the contest at the Lyceum in the evening.

Mrs. Marion Lucas left Monday for a few weeks' visit with her daughter, Mrs. Steve Bettin of Hazelhurst.

Mrs. Fred McCoy has returned from Kane, where she has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Vandyke.

F. D. Howlett of the Bradford Printing Company, was in town Tuesday on business and made this office a pleasant call.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Hammer returned Wednesday from a three weeks' visit at New York, Boston and other cities.

Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Sheehan of St. Marys were in town Thursday last to attend the funeral of the late Clara Miller.

Mrs. E. B. Reeser and two children left for their home in Pittsburg Friday, after being guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Isherwood for a week.

Announcement.

(Political Advertising.)

W. I. Oviatt should be elected one of the County Commissioners. Mr. Oviatt is a native of Keating township. He has held various township offices and always has rendered a good account of himself. As County Auditor he has stood steadfast in what he believed to be right and was not afraid to go on record during the three years he held that office in a minority report each year. He had the courage of his convictions and if elected he would make a painstaking official. Voters think this over and then elect Oviatt one of the County Commissioners.

For Sale.

Just received two carloads of fertilizer and farm impliments. Three sets second-hand work harness, three second-hand heavy lumber wagons for sale cheap. E. W. Jones, Smethport, Pa.

Wm. MONHEIMER'S

OUR BOYS

need clothes and other wearables.

We've got 'em!!

You'd be surprised what a good suit you could get here at $3.00, $3.50 and up to $6.00. Ours are real good suits made of honest material. Also good Shoes, Caps, Sweaters and everything else a boy wears. For the next 2 weeks we offer you boys' Shoes for $1.25 and $1.50 they were $1.75 and $2.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Home Journal Patterns — Monarch Shirts

FRY & COMES

Furs for 1908-9

Louis XIV Ruff

The new Fur Styles are ready for you to-day. Skins employed are much the same as last season, with Lynx, Poney and Squirrel increasing in favor.

The large Rug Muff we are sure will please you, being both attractive and comfortable.

The Louis XIV Ruff is a style fresh from Paris and is creating much interest and favorable comment.

There isn't much use trying to describe our stock, you'll have to see them and try them on to appreciate this opportunity to purchase reliable furs at low prices.

Scarfs, $1.50 to $37.50
Muffs, $2.75 to $18.00
Coats, $25.00 to $75.00

WHY

are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamp on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

PRICES RIGHT!

—ON OUR—

Bacon and Hams. Also Summer Sausage, Dried Beef, Corned Beef and Roast Beef.

G. W. BRENNAN,

THE CASH GROCER.

McCoy's Drug Store

IF IT'S

Drugs, Druggist Sundries, Stationery, Books, Candy or Cigars you are looking for We can supply you.

McCoy's Drug Store

COFFEE'S.

Java,	35c lb	Mocha & Java,	35c lb
White House,	35c lb	Veteran Brand,	30c lb
Our Own Blend,	28c lb	Brighton Blend,	25c lb
Blue Ribbon,	25c lb	Faxon's Brand,	25c lb
Admiral,	22c lb	Rio,	20c lb
Arbuckles,		18c lb	

—AT—

ANDORFER & LYLE'S

STATIONERY

One of the finest lines ever shown in Smethport.

PRESCRIPTION DEPARTMENT

is fully stocked with pure drugs, which comply with the pure food laws, and I make a specialty of prescriptions and family receipes. Bring them here and get the best.

H. C. WELLS.

JIMSIE of THE TRESTLE.

By CECILY ALLEN.

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Jimsie had learned to watch for her long before she noticed him. The 7:0 was never so crowded as the 7:23, and Betty Larned had no trouble in getting the same seat every morning, the next to the last in the third car.

She liked that particular seat because it gave her a long view of the marshy creek and the great bay beyond, pouring its restless waters into the sea.

Jimsie's post was on the great trestle approaching the drawbridge. At first he had simply watched the trains as they slowed up before passing over the draw.

Being a young man of considerable imagination, he could picture the long line of commuters winding to the ferries and then breaking on the shores of the big city beyond like a stream long confined to narrow banks. What a multitude of interests they represented! And to how many of the great warehouses, skyscrapers and stores they must scatter!

He felt quite sure that the girl with the light brown hair and gentle gray eyes worked very far uptown, for she never missed the 7:08, while most of the girl commuters preferred the 7:23, which brought them into town just in time to make offices and stores for the 8 o'clock openings.

In this Jimsie was wrong. Betty worked quite close to the ferry, for she was an earnest, ambitious young person with a horror of being tardy, so she took no chances on the 7:23 being late. Drawbridges, she had heard, were tricky.

This rumor was confirmed one morning when the excursion steamer Lena Belle turned contrary to the draw and the 7:08 stood on the narrow trestle till the crew of the Lena Belle could bring her to time. And that was the morning Betty noticed Jimsie for the first time.

Jimsie might have run along with the rest of the railroad boys to watch the crew of the Lena Belle, but he had something more pleasant to watch, the girlish face at the first window from the end of the third car on the stalled train.

The third car stood right in front of his little shanty, and directly Jimsie had reported the delay of the train to headquarters, to help pass the time he looked back to the track, gazed on and met the soft gray eyes squarely.

Instinctively his hand went up to his hat, then dropped, and a flush flared up under his healthy tan. The gray eyes opened very wide, then were hidden by long lashes.

No; Betty was quite sure she had never seen this very good looking young man before. He did not live at Greenport, and he had never worked in the store.

Maybe she had met him at the single dance she had attended at the Big Four Social club. But, no; he was not the sort of man who went to those balls, Betty was quite sure. It was his confusion she had not liked, the men that she had refused all succeeding invitations from the club.

She raised her lashes just a tiny bit and met a respectful but undeniably admiring glance from Jimsie's brown eyes. She tried to look across the aisle at the fussiest passengers, then down the bay, but the sun danced so madly on the blue water that it hurt her eyes. And as she had to look somewhere she looked down again into the brown eyes of the young track foreman.

Then, with a jerk, the Lena Belle plunged forward into the current, rattling orders, there were a creaking and rattling of machinery and clanks, and the 7:08 plunged on toward town.

Jimsie waved a friendly hand after the retreating Lena Belle. Good old boat! It had given him a good chance to study the little girl at close range, and he had not been disappointed.

What was more, he knew that she had taken his measure and would know him the next time they met.

Now, the books on etiquette and the learned women writers for magazines tell you that you must be properly introduced to a man. You must be chaperoned, and the more pretty you are the more rigid must be the chaperonage.

But the workaday world changes many of these things. Jimsie began to plan on meeting the owner of the gray eyes somehow, somewhere, without the aid or consent of a chaperon. If you love a girl you love her and you win her—that was Jimsie's laxative of good form.

And Betty fell to dreaming of the good looking young chap who was watching for her every morning when the 7:08 approached the bridge. First their eyes carried the message, then they smiled, and finally they nodded every morning.

When the spring weather made it excusable to open a window Betty took to gathering a few early blossoms every morning and dropping them over the sill as the train passed the track foreman's shanty.

Jimsie was resourceful, but he could find no one who knew where the girl lived, and he did not dare desert his post to come near the window and speak even if the train stopped long enough for this feat.

Well, there was only one thing—he'd take a day off soon and post himself at the ferry entrance when the 7:08 pulled in. She could do no more than turn him down, he argued, and somehow each day's glance into the soft gray eyes assured him this fate would not be his.

In the meantime Betty was doing her share of thinking and planning, and at last she wrote to Miss Gwendolin Graves, who conducted the Home and Home page of the Evening Blazer "When a young man is so desperately in love with you that it just shows out of his eyes and burns in his smile, but you don't know him or anyone who does know him, but just see him every day on your way to work, what do you do? He might toss you a note—but then every one on the train would see it and think your were a flirt, and not for worlds would you toss him a note." And there was a stamped and addressed envelope, and please would Miss Gwendolin write very soon?

And Miss Gwendolin did, for the fit the letter had the ring of self respect and sincerity in it. But, alas! Miss Gwendolin wrote that the man would find a way if he really loved her, as his eyes proclaimed, and a certain fate was probably working this very minute to bring them together. Above all things, Betty was not to worry. Things would come out right.

Not a very satisfactory or practical reply. Yet Betty took comfort and carried it in her purse all day. If fate was really at work she would try to wait and be patient, but Jimsie's adoring eyes made this very hard indeed.

That night she slept with the little note under her pillow and the next morning tucked it back into her purse. As the long train pulled on to the trestle she took a fresh grip on the purse. It somehow seemed a connecting link between herself and the man who she knew would be waiting for her by the weather beaten shanty.

Were ever eyes so brown as his or teeth so white and regular? Then her thoughts came to a sudden, grinding, terrifying stop. There was something wrong. They were not slowing up as they approached the little shanty, but racing on with a madness which broke all rules and regulations.

Then screams arose. Men rushed to the front of the car. They seemed to be lifted into space, then horrible noises, shrieks, curses and an awful plunge, a blow that she hardly felt, because it was so terrific and blackness.

When she woke up, she looked straight into the brown eyes of which she had been dreaming when the blow fell.

"Darling," he was saying, and her eyes went open very wide despite the dreadful pain in her head. "Darling, I thought I'd never get to you. Tell me you're alive! Tell me you ain't hurt much! Tell me you love me?"

Betty gasped. Life must have been very hazy while she slept. She reached for her purse and touched her dress, now drenched with water. She reached for her hat. It was gone, and her hair was dripping water too. Then she realized that the owner of the brown eyes was dripping likewise.

"Something went wrong. The train went through the draw," he explained rapidly. "There's a lot drowned, and the ambulances are coming. They'll take you away, and I've got to go. They'll take you to the hospital 'cause your head is cut, but first you tell me you're all right, you're going to get well. And what's your name? I'm coming to the hospital tonight, See?"

"My name's Betty Larned, and I guess I ain't hurt much, but you can't come to the hospital. We've never been introduced." She felt very faint.

The clang of an ambulance bearing around the bank made Jimsie jump, and he gathered her close to his arms in the midst of the awful scene of wreckage and death.

"Say, this ain't the time for being fussy, is she, miss?" he stammered earnestly. "I love you, and I thought I was going to lose you. I'm coming to the hospital soon as I get off. See?"

Betty looked up into the big brown eyes, and a maddening smile crept around her white lips.

"Yes, dear," she said and closed her eyes.

The ambulance surgeon bent over her.

"I'll take care of her," he said sharply to Jimsie.

Jimsie laid the unconscious form beside another in the ambulance. Then he gripped the young surgeon's sleeve. "Say, you be careful with her. She's my girl. See!"

Dickens' Inclination to Mimicry.

Charles Dickens, who sent to Samuel Rogers several of his books, who dedicated "Master Humphrey's Clock" to him and who frequently assisted at the famous breakfasts in St. James' place, was accustomed rather cruelly, it may be thought, to take off his host's very characteristic way of telling a story, and it is, moreover, affirmed by Percy Fitzgerald that in the famous readings "the strangely obtuse and owllike expression and the slow, husky croak of Mr. Justice Stareleigh in the 'Trial From Pickwick' were closely modeled upon the author of the 'Pleasures of Memory.'" That Dickens used thus to imitate his friends is confirmed by the "Confidences" of the late Frederick Locker, who perfectly remembered the old man, to see whom he had been carried as a boy by his father. He had also himself heard Dickens repeat one of Rogers' stock anecdotes (it was that of the duel in a dark room, where one of the combatants, humanely firing up the chimney, brings down his adversary), and he speaks of Dickens as imitating Rogers' feint, low-pitched, drawling voice and dry biting manner very comically." At the same time it must be remembered that these reminiscences relate to Rogers in his old age. He was over seventy when Dickens published his first book, "Sketches by Boz."

Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup is used nearly everywhere, because it not only heals irritation of the throat and stops the cough, but it drives the cold out of the system through its laxative principle by assuring a free and gentle action on the bowels, and that is the way to cure a cold. You can't cure it as long as you are constipated. Insist upon Kennedy's Laxative Cough Syrup. Sold by L. K. Hogarth.

FLY CATCHES.

Harry Bemis says that good catchers are becoming rarer year by year and that in a short time revolvers will be able to dictate their salaries.

Pfeffer [illegible] of the St. Louis National club [illegible] Chicago, and when ever he plays a ball game, more or less of his [illegible] turn out to see him work.

Gilbert [illegible] the St. Louis American [illegible] Ohio Kentucky train recruit, looks like a find. He has speed, pepper and ability, bats well and, what's more, is a sober, steady going youth.

Dartmouth's big south paw, Percy Skillin, who was a sensation last year was not so successful this spring. He is said to be engaged to the Chicago Nationals for service when his college term ends.

Pfleher Karger of St. Louis can be sold for a swell sum to seven National league clubs and would bring as much or more from American league magnates, but the waiver system practically makes him ineligible for member ship on a Ban Johnson team.

Tales They Tell.

In a severe electrical storm at Ewan, N. J., in which there was no thunder, a barn was smashed and several trees were struck by lightning.

A rooster, the property of William Springler of Red Lion, Pa., smashed two panes of thick glass in fighting his reflection and nearly died to death from the wounds made by the glass.

Mrs. Ezra Noel of Penwook, N. H., has a White Wyandotte hen that lays an average of one egg a week that measures 8½ by 5¼ inches and weighs five pounds. These eggs always have a double yolk.

Charles Hauffman, a mail collector in St. Louis, found a new gold watch in a street mail box with a note attached asking that it be sold and the money applied to charity, as the watch had been stolen.

Two hundred dollars in bills hanging out on a clothesline was a novel sight in Woodbury, Conn., recently. A green servant had placed the money on the line when its owner, William Wilhelmy, had come home drenched to the skin.

Facts From France.

The French automobile business is declining.

Paris has a shop devoted solely to the sale of the hair of celebrities, every lock being guaranteed.

Glass cigarets are in use at the Palais Royal, Paris. They consist of a series of little squares of colored glass set in a small gilt frame, and have the effect when closed of frosted glass.

The new French law restricting the use of names for wines to the regions where the are raised is being most strictly enforced. It is not allowed hereafter, for instance, to use names like "Vin de Champagne" and "Sauterne Champagne" unless such wine is actually produced in the champagne region.

English Etchings.

The horses of England, if placed in a line would reach 27,000 miles.

The average cost of maintaining a prisoner in a British jail is about $127 a year.

The first English three decker battleship was the Sovereign of the Seas, built in the time of Charles I.

London had this year the pleasantest June within the memory of the oldest inhabitant. There was but one sultless day, and in the month the sun shone 245 hours and for a third of the month from four to fourteen hours a day.

New York City.

New York city has an average of 1,500,000 visitors each week.

New York city has 133 department stores that employ 11,000 persons.

Nearly one-third of the immigrants who arrive in the port of New York never go beyond the city for a home.

It takes about 2,000 cords of wood a year to make the newspapers that go through the presses of New York city.

Courts are a great expense to New York city. The jurors alone last year cost $415,168. The year before the cost was $326,293.—New York Herald.

A Hundred Years Ago—

There were no fountain pens.

There were no cartoons in the daily papers.

We had no tan shoes except those made of tanbark.

There wasn't any appreciable output of American heiresses.

We had no parlor matches except when a youth and a maid struck each other's fancy.

Steamboats had just been put in use, but the trip up the Mississippi river from New Orleans to St. Louis required about three months.—St. Louis Republic.

Pith and Point.

Boast of a thing and it will fall you. If it hadn't been for the gossips there would have been no history.

To want your own way is a very bad habit, for you will never get it.

A man isn't making money unless he is kept too busy at work to spend any.

We are all outwardly more cheerful about giving than we feel inside.

It is the disposition of most people when they get any one's friendship to draw on it at sight.—Atchison Globe.

Novelty Restaurant.
New York Counts.
Clams, Cigars
THOMAS YOUNG, PROP'R.

HUCKLEBERRY FARMING.

Agriculture With a Match In the Timber Regions.

"It may seem incredible to those who have never lived in or traveled much through timber districts where the huckleberry is indigenous," said a native of such district, "but it is a fact that there is a tribe of shiftless persons in all such regions who systematically and without regard to law, property or the art due to woods or cut over land adjacent to woods simply to increase the area of huckleberry bushes.

"There is only one way in which huckleberries can be cultivated, and the huckleberry farmer does not need to own an inch of land. If he has the title to one simple lucifer match he can put thousands of acres under cultivation in a very short time.

"He has only to light the match and touch it to the dry leaves and branches on the ground, either in early spring or late fall, and his cultivation is soon under way. No matter what grew on the ground before fire swept it huckleberry bushes will never fail to spring up luxuriantly from the ashes and scorched soil. They will be in abundant bearing the next season. What the result may have been in loss of life or property does not concern the persons who reap the benefit.

"Many of the fires that devastate our forests every year may be traced to this reckless and deliberate making or improving of huckleberry patches. I remember one instance particularly where the setting fire to the brush on a huckleberry barren in northern Pennsylvania resulted in a forest fire that swept over a 10,000 acre timber tract, doing incalculable damage to the standing timber and reducing to ashes 50,000 feet of logs and lumber and 30,000 cords of tanbark, representing a money value of nearly $750,000. Twenty persons were burned to death and thirty so badly burned that seven of them died from their injuries. The huckleberry crop gathered from this cultivation of that barren waste perhaps realized $200 to the cultivators.—Washington Post.

PROVED HIS SPELLING.

An Incident in the Career of Stephan A. Douglas.

An amusing incident occurred in McLean county, Ill., at the first case which Stephen A. Douglas, the famous politician, attended after his election as prosecuting attorney. There were many indictments to be drawn, writes Professor Allen Johnson in his life of Douglas, and the new prosecuting attorney in his haste wrote the name of the county McClean instead of McLean. His professional brethren were greatly amused at this evidence of inexperience and hardly gave the blunder. Finally John T. Stuart, subsequently Douglas's rival, joked that all the indictments be quashed. Judge Logan looked at the discomfited youth and asked "had he had to say to support the indictments."

Smarting under the jibes of Stuart, Douglas replied doubtfully that he had nothing to say, as he supposed the court would not quash the indictments until the point had been proved. This answer caused more merriment, for the judge declared that the court could not run ahead of the waiver until the precise spelling of the statute creating the county had been ascertained.

No one doubted what the result would be, but at least Douglas had the satisfaction of causing his critics some delay, for the statutes had to be procured from an adjoining county.

To the [illegible] brought of court and bar and Douglas himself it appeared that he had spelled the name correctly. To the indictments also charging the learned Stuart the court promptly sustained all the judgments. The young attorney was in high feather and made the most of his triumph. The incident gave him a useful lesson—henceforth he would attend nothing and require his opponents to spell everything that bore upon the case in hand.

His Curiosity Satisfied.

A wealthy tradesman who had been drinking the waters of Bath, England, took a fancy to try those of Bristol. Armed with a letter of introduction from his Bath physician to a professional brother at Bristol, the old gentleman set off on his journey. On the way he said to himself, "I wonder what Dr. Blank has advised the Bristol physician in regard to my case?" and, giving way to curiosity, he opened the letter and read:

Dear Doctor—The bearer is a fat Wiltshire clothier; make the most of him. Yours professionally, J. BLANK.

Pelican and Flamingo.

The hook of the pelican's bill is red and undoubtedly the fable that the pelican feeds its young with blood from its own breast originated in the bird's habit of pressing the bill upon the breast in order to more easily empty the pouch, when the red tip might be mistaken for blood. Another explanation is that the pelican became confused with the flamingo, which discharges into the mouth of its young a secretion which in color resembles blood.

All His Doing.

Miss Chollus—Is it really so that you're engaged to Mr. Roxley? Miss Pechis (calmly)—It is. Miss Chollus—My, he was a great catch! Miss Pechis—I beg your pardon; catcher.—Philadelphia Press.

Too Considerate.

Judge—You say you went into the room at night quite unintentionally? Why, then, had you taken off your shoes? Burglar—'Cause, judge, I heard dere was somebody lyin' ill in de house.—Home Magazine.

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THE DEEP SEA DIVER

Perils Against Which the Modern Expert Must Guard.

PROTECTING HIS AIR TUBE

This Is His Chief Care While Delving In the Debris of Sunken Wrecks Tragic Debut of John Day, a Clever but Ignorant Old Timer.

A great deal of water has run under the bridge since, in the month of June, 1774, John Day made his fatal debut as a diver in Plymouth sound. Day, a clever but ignorant millwright, had laid numerous wagers that, confined in a water tight box and provided with a candle, food and drink, he would remain submerged at any depth for twelve hours. His plan was that the box should be fastened by screws from within to a vessel subsequently sunk and that when the allotted time had elapsed he should withdraw the screws and rise to the surface. His mad scheme was actually put into execution on June 22, and Day, as might have been expected, lost his life. Not the least extraordinary part of the affair is that, while he was warned how the pressure of the water would affect his box and greatly increased its strength in consequence, no one seems to have so much as hinted at the danger of his death from want of air.

The diver who goes down today to salve the contents of a sunken wreck, recover a dropped torpedo or execute some submarine erection or repairs has better knowledge of the necessary risks he runs and the precautions by which he may avoid all needless danger at his work than had poor Day. Science, mindful of the great increase of pressure brought about by every foot that he descends beneath the surface of the sea, warns him to go slowly down the stepladder that hangs from the ship's side or the dock wall and to pause frequently as he does so, that he may grow accustomed to the increase by degrees. By this means a man fit for the work, sound of heart and free from apoplectic tendencies passes with little inconvenience from the moderate pressure of eight pounds per square inch, which surrounds him at a depth of twenty feet, to that of sixty-five pounds, which he must sustain after descending 120 feet—the greatest depth at which his work can be considered safe.

Once landed at the bottom of the sea the diver has a host of things to bear in mind. Weighted as he is with brass soled boots, copper helmet and often a leaden set of underclothing below his diving suit of tarpaulin and rubber, the tendency to rise is not so great that his powers of motion are very limited. He can lift a comparatively heavy weight with ease; the attempt to pull down some trifling piece of wreckage from overhead will probably take him off his feet. Readers of Robert Louis Stevenson will remember how when dressed in full deep sea costume, he accustomed himself to life at work there moved. It was able to help with ease upon the summit of a rock some six feet high. But descent again he could not. His companion hauled him off head downward and plumped him on his feet "like an intoxicated spectator." Even for such an apparently simple piece of work as drilling a hole in a rock or portion of a wreck the diver will perhaps have to prop himself against a stone or make himself secure by lashings to the object upon which he works.

The great danger against which the diver must be ever on his guard is that of getting his air tube entangled in the debris of a wreck, no difficult matter as he creeps in and out of cabin, engine room and hold, among the broken and distorted mass of wood and iron. He may have been sucking in one direction, all unconscious that he is being helped by a strong current, until he presently attempts to turn and finds it valli. It is not the deep sea diver only who runs this risk. Some years since a diver was at work in twenty feet of water repairing some dock gates. His job finished, he gave the signal to the boat above to close the gates that he might see if all worked well. The rush of many tons of water as the heavy gates swung to swept him between and through them. In a flash he realized that his air pipe would be caught between the massive doors and at the same moment saw his only chance for life. He thrust his heavy hammer head between the closing gates, and this kept the plates [illegible] till he could signal for them to be reopened.

The old method of communication between the diver and his helpers at the surface was by [illegible] of ropes upon the line, but power [illegible] telephone or perhaps a speaking [illegible] enables the diver to [illegible] his side. And, though many divers still work in the comparative darkness both oil and electricity will shed their light upon the scene if need arise.

Sharks are visitors with whom in certain waters the deep sea diver has to count. But the shark is not always so dangerous a monster as might be thought. A diver at work in the cabin of a sunken ship saw, to his dismay, a shark swim slowly in. The diver had no suitable weapon of defense at hand, and flight seemed the only chance for life, and a poor one at that. Meanwhile the shark swam to and fro in the cabin as if meditating on a system of attack. The diver made a sudden bolt for the door; the shark was seriously alarmed, it seemed, as was the man—did the same and, being unincumbered with costume and in his native element, got out an easy first and disappeared.—London Globe.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Edwin S. Stuart.
Lieutenant Governor—Robt. S. Murphy.
State Treasurer—John O. Sheetz
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—John W. Bonton, Smithport.
Members of Congress—C. P. Barclay, Shinglehouse.
State Senator—G. W. Williams, Wellsboro.
Members of Assembly—James A. Jackson Smethport; R. P. Hazlewood, Bradford.
District Attorney—Geo. A. Hays, Smethport.
Sheriff—Geo. W. Altchell, Smethport.
Treasurer—E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. H. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. Ir. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Griffiths, Kane; A. Peterson, Bradford; Jno. P. Deyling, Bradford.
Com'rs Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—Wm. Marsh, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
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Coroner—E. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Burdette S. Bayle, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—E. W. Strong.
Council—J. E. Rooney, president; W. C. Hobart, secretary; J. W. Walts, R. W. Workley, G. H. Dunning, F. L. Sherburne, E. E. Heath, H. L. Stone.
Justice—R. C. Gleason.
Constable—U. R. Forte.
School Directors—D. C. Young, president; P. D. Gallup, sec'y; W. F. Specht, treas.; John B. Eastman, H. H. Knellen, John Clark.
Collector—R. C. Gleason.
Assessor—C. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, G. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Rubin.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, E. M. McClure.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 388, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

SANFORD L. FRY, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Military degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

BURDETTE S. BAYLE, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 379, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

J. C. DUNSMORE, Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month 2:30 p. m. in the Odd Fellows Hall.

R. C. WINDER, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

F. B. FOSTER, R. K.
W. H. MORRISON, Com.

L. O.T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.

LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BERTHA EAGAN, R. K.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Saturday at 3 p. m. in the M. E. chapel.

MRS. E. A. BARTLETT, Pres.
Mrs. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 31, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. CLOTHIER, Pres.
JESSIE TUESPACHER, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter, No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets 1st and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MRS. MARIA CARTER, W. M.
MRS. ESLA MOON HOPKINS, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree, 1st Monday; Warrior's degree, 2nd Monday. Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. AMBLER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches.

METHODIST EPISCOPAL—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10 o'clock, preaching at 10:30 a. m. and Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 3 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 7 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services and Sunday School every Sunday at 3 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic church—T. F. Dugan pastor. Services in Swedish Lutheran church at 9 a. m. on Sunday and at 10:30 a. m. on the next.

FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.—T. H. Ward, pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 8 p. m. Ladies Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church parlors. Women's Missionary Circle meets the second Monday evening of each month at 8 o'clock. All are invited.

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"DRIVES ME INTO A CORNER AND TELLS ME SHE IS MINE."

THE "RESTAURAW" WIDOW

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Which I've told you," observed the Old Cattleman, puffing at his cob-pipe—"which I've already told you how Missis Rucker goes on surroundin' old Rucker with connoobial joy to such a degree that, one mornin' when her wifely back is turned, he ups an' stampedes off into the hills, an' takes refutch with the Apaches. But I never relates how he gets aroused to his dooty an' returns. That nit'rcle comes to pass in this wise."

Following a reminiscent, smoke-filled pause, the old gentleman continued:

"When Rucker is guilty of this yere desertion, Wolfville says nothin' an' does nothin'. It is no part of Wolfville's communal responsibility, as it sees the same, to go ploughin' off on the trail of Rucker, with a purpose of draggin' him back, that-away, to his domestic happiness. His elopement is wholly a private play, an' one wharin we ain't entitled to ask no kyards.

"On the immejit heels of Rucker's plunge into savagery, Missis Rucker never unbooks to Him—never lets on the so much as mutters his absence. She continues to deal her game at the O. K. Restauraw unmoved; she tries on daily mildness an' gentility—our daily flapjacks—six to the stack—an' neither he's an eye nor wears a yearn concernin' that vanished husband.

"Nacherally, that ain't no one so prodded of a morbid curiosity as to go a-kin' Missis Rucker. With her views as to what's comfin' to her as a lady, an' her bein' allers in the kitchen, surrounded by such weapons as daitrons an' griddles an' stove-lifters, any such fungoilite brodie might result massac'rous. Old Man Enright sets it right, an' his views gains endorsement by Doc Peets an' maybe the best fighters of the camp.

"To go pesterin' around Missis Rucker," says he, in her bereaves ments, would be unkindlemanly to the verge of bein' rash—an' that's not what's liv'n in Wolfville what's that foolish or onrough.

"If mourn'ry is sittin' square'l, in the saddle, I reckon it's meddy . . . your before Missys Rucker mentions her loss. It's one time when weadl shows up for chuck, and finds her in a dress as black as a spade flush.

"The name bein' mournin'," she explains, in answer to a remark by Doc Peets complimentin' her looks—which Peets was the genteelest sharp, an' the best edicated, that ever shows up in Arizona. I'm mournin' for my departed he'pmeet. I hears about it in Tucson. Pore Rucker is deceased; an' of course I-dons black, as markin' his cashin' in."

"Yere Missis Rucker snuffles a little, an' gouges into one corner of her eye with her handkerchief, like she's roundin' up a tear; after which, she sort o' runs a cale'latin' glance over us gents, then an' thar assembled, like she's sizin' us up as to our domestic p'ints.

"Thar's a heap of silence follows that look. Not bein' gifted none as a mind reader, I can't say how it affects the balance of the outfit; but speakin' for myse'f, a chill like ice creeps up an' down my back. Also, I observes a apprehensive look on the faces of Enright an' Boggs, as though they smells perils. As to Texas Thompson, who is camped next to me at the table, an' has had marital experiences which culminates in a divorce down Laredo way, I overhears him grind his teeth, plenty determined, an' mutters:

"'By the Lone Star of my nat'f state, I won't be took!'

"We're all some eager to ask about them tidings which Missis Rucker ropes onto in Tucson, but none has the nerve. It's Faro Nell who comes headin' to the general rescoo. She's perched next to Cherokee Hall, an' looks gently up from a piece of pie she's hackin' off the board, and says:

"'Good sakes, Missis Rucker! An' whatever do you-all track up ag'inst about pore Mister Rucker?'

"'That onfortunate pard o' my bos'm has departed this life,' responds the widow, moppin' away her grief. 'I crosses up with a Tucson party, who ashores me that when them Apaches goes all spraddled out last spring, they nacherally begins them hostilities by prouncin' on Rucker, an' leavin' him on both sides of the canyon.'

"'That's right,' chimes in Dave Jutt, who, bein' married a while bit to Tucson Jennie, feels immune from further wedlock. Whenever them savages digs up the war-ax, they yoosually inaugurates negotiations by layin' out what palefaces is weak-minded enough to be caught among 'em, too dead to skin. No; it ain't, crossity, it's caution. Which they figgers them squaw-men if spared, will be off to the nearest army post, with preliminaroon word of the uprisin'. Wherfore, they descends on 'em like a fallin' star, an' blots 'em out. After which they proceed with their rear' lar killin' an' sheddin' ingro at leisure.'

"'It's over in the Red Light, to which we repairs when feed is through, that the subject comes up in form. Black Jack the barkeep is so impressed by the gravity on our faces as we files in, that he announces the drinks is on the house. We professes to help him clost on the hocks of that sadness an' those flapjacks for nose'pshes; but we takes sarsapars instead. When we're smokin' sociable an' free, I somewhat unbuckles an' unpalent myself in spite of them alarmin' relapsations of Missis Rucker. Enright brings the topic forard.

"'Which I'm free to say, when that's a-way, Doc?' he says, addressin' Peets. 'What do you all, as a scientific, think yourse'f?'

"'Which it seems feasible enough,' responds Peets, litin' thoughtful at his sody'ar. 'You know what Injuns be. Startin' out to stay, they ain't apt to overlook no scalp but as Rucker . . . there . . . be onto him, first fine' out o' the box. Ilkewise mink onto a settin' hen.'

"'Yes,' returns Enright, some uneasy as to long, 'I reckon you calls the turn, Doc. They'd about bumped off old Rucker by way of certain-raised, as they calls it over to the Bird Cage opery house.'

"'Don't you allow now,' breaks in Boggs, some agitated, appealin' to Enright an' Peets together—don't you allow, now, that old Rucker bein' wiped out that a-way sort o' leaves the camp ongyarded?'

"'As how?' returns Pete.

"'As how?' repeats Boggs, his excitement risin'. 'What's to prevent reign'. What's to prevent her descendin' on one of us, like a pan of milk from a top shelf itself, an' weddin' him a heap? She's a mighty resolopte female is Missis Rucker, an' it's only last week she ups an' saws it off to me, abrupt, that she's jest 38 years old last grass. I sees her drift now! That lady's makin' ready for a spring. Which she's almin' to snatch a husband from out shrinkin' midst; an' nothin' short!'

"'After what I passes through with that Laredo wife of mine,' says Texas Thompson, grim as a tombstone, 'you can gamble a bloo stack I'll never be married alive.'

"'As to myse'f,' reemarks Peets, imitatin' a cheerful countenance, 'I'm harred. Drug sharps, onder the rooles, cannot be claimed in private matrimony—belongin' as they do to the commoonity. Enright yere is likewise out, bein' too old.'

"'That's right!' coincides Enright, relief stealin' into his eyes; 'I'm too far gone in years to be raw material for nuptials. Speakin' what I feel, however, I looks on the sityooation as serious. As Dan says, it's plain she has intentions. Then thar's that black frock! Which widows is dangerous in preciae proportion as they sheds tears an' piles on mournin'. It's my onbiased jedgment she's fixin' her sights for Dan or Texas thar.'

"'Gents,' interrupts Texas Thompson ag'in, his manner iron, 'you hears what I say a moment back! Wolfville may follow me to the tomb, but never to no altar.'

"'If I thought this yere widow was that imminent,' says Boggs, pacin' to an' fro like a startled wildcat, 'I'd line out for Tucson until the footure's more guaranteed. I'm nacherally plumb nervous; I can't camp down in the shadow of a great threat onmoved. We was shore locoed to ever let Rucker get away that time. We might have knowed it would end in some sech bluff as this. If I had foreseen the trap he was settin' for us, I'd have restored that old prodigate to Missis Rucker's arms, or got downed by the Apaches tryin'. Whatever's your advice, Sam?' he concludes, guzzlin' anxious-eyed at Enright. 'If it was nothin' worse than a hostile sheriff on my trail, I'd stand my hand; but this yere is when I requires counsel.'

"Seein' Boggs so keyed up, Enright goes off on a soothin' angle. Peets chippin' in encouragin'. They both suggests to Boggs that thar's no call to be precipitate. It'll most likely be weeks before Missis Rucker really declar's herse'f, an' sinks them widowed talons into her selected victim. Meanwhile, as preparin' for the worst, all Boggs has to do, they argues, is to keep his mind on his number, an' sing out 'No' to everything she says. Likewise, it might be well to hold a pony saddled, in case of sudden swoops.

"'In which event,' says Enright, 'if it turns out we onderestimates her activities an' she wheels on you abrupt, thar's the pony; an' you plays the same—quirt an' heel as a last resort. Still it's possible we're seein' onnecessary ghosts. She may have it in her heart to make happy some other gent entire.'

"'That's one thing,' chimes in Peets, 'I wants it understood, in case this conference comes to Missis Rucker's notice later, that I say she is an execrable lady, an' calc'lated to raise the man, so fortunate as to become her husband, to pinnacles of bliss.'

"'Also,' declar's Enright, some hasty, 'let it be onderstood I'm in on them observations. As the presidin' influence of the O. K. Restauraw, Missis Rucker is unapproached an' unapproachable — her pies is poems an' her beans a dream.'

"'No; as I states, the infidelities of Boggs an' the balance ain't upheld. Not that Missis Rucker don't frame it up none to come flutterin' from her lonely perch; only it ain't Boggs, or Texas, or any of the boys proper—it's old Col. Coyote Clubbs on whom she's clusin' down.

"You recalls how, yestofore, I onfurls to you concernin' the little colonel—how he's grizzled, an' harmless, an' dried, an' lame of the *off* hind laig—how he's got a face like a squinch owl—innocent an' wide-eyed an' full of ignorant wonder, like he is an onendin' s'prise party? As I then explains, he's bein' considered a dollar a peh, an' it first has it camp an' home's tide over towards Tucson.

"Mebby it's two months prior to when Missis Rucker gives it out she's alone in the world, an' goes to almost declin,' that he done give up his dugout an' takes to boardin' in the O. K. Restauraw. Bein' sociar'ous, the colonel likes company an' so, for them little wolves, they're as prolific an' apt to find his kraunie in the sabbuths of Wolfville than's further out on the plains. So, as I observes, he's powerful-his chilicon-carne at Missis Rucker's an' workin' out from stamp instead of into it.

"Which it's plenty like we-all would have seen it was the colonel's personal trouble from the jump, only the day Missis Rucker goes into black an' scares us up that-a-way, the old cinnamaron is across to Red Dog, deal in' for a train of bueros to pack his Wolf pelts to Tucson. As it is, it ain't a day after he gets back before we identifies him as the gent in interest. Missis Rucker, as though concealment is now at an end, an' the hour ripe for throwin' off disguise, takes to hoverin' over him at chuck time, with a terrifyin' solicitood that comes mighty clost to bein' tenderness. She takes to heapin' his plate with viands, to a degree that's enough of itse'f to set any sport of thoughtfulness to pumpin' sideways. It shore rattles the colonel, you can bet, an' his appetite gets less the more she lavishes them delicacies upon him.

"'Which you ain't eatin' more than sparrow birds, colonel,' she says, givin' him a most onmistakable grin. 'Yere; let me get you some plum preserves—which they ought to tempt a angel!'

"With that she totes forth one of her partic'lar airtights, which even Enright don't get a glimpse of only Fo'th of Jooly an' Christmas, an' onloads the same on the colonel. He grows white at this; for, jest as the good book says that it's vain for the fowler to spread his nets in the sight of any bird, so also it is footile for a widow to go inondatin' any special gent with plum preserves, an' hope to have them sweetmeats misconstrooed.

"Shore, the colonel—for all he's the guilelessest party that ever makes a moccasin track in Arizona—realizes she's put him in nom'nation to be Rucker's successor. Likewise the whole outfit grasps this trooth; an', while the colonel is turnin' gray about the gills, Boggs is breathin' freer, an' even the desperate look in the eyes of Texas Thompson begins to fade away.

"Which the same shows how at bottom man is a entirile utterly selfish. Once Boggs an' Texas an' them others feels safe, the knowledge that the pore old colonel must go cavortin' across the red-hot plowshares, don't bother 'em a bit. They all likes him plenty sincere at that. But sech is life! They coldly leaves him to tread the wine-press alone, an' all as onfeelin' as a band of prairie dogs. Which I don't scrupple later, to reproach Boggs with this yere lack of sympathy.

"'What can we-all do?' he replies. 'I'm a friend of the colonel's; but what then? This is a case what every gent must kill his own snakes. Besides, I see now she's due to make him happy. Do you note how free she plays them plum air-tights on him? An' no more holdin' back, than if they're canned tomatters! Rightly looked at, the colonel's in a heap of luck.'

"Enright is plumb c'rrect in his count-up of the colonel. As Boggs observes, he's game as t'rantlers; still, it's his sand, it's his onswervin' p'liteness, an' good manners that's bound to hold him. Which said trooth is evident, when the colonel discusses this new an' surprisin' slant in his fortunes with Enright an' Peets. This yere caucus occurs two days later, after Missis Rucker offers him her hand.

"'It's about second drink time in the evenin' when the colonel, lookin' pale an shaken, comes totterin' into the Red Light, askin' for Enright. Cherokee Hall, with Faro Nell on the lookout's stool, is deelin' bank at the time, an' divers of us is seein' what we can do ag'inst him; but, at sight of the colonel's face, one an' all we cashes in. Cherokee cleans up his game, an' we all gathers about to listen.

"'Which you've no objections, colonel,' asks Enright, mighty urbane, 'to the camp bein' in on this powwow none?' From the gait look in your eyes, I sort o' guesses what joyful things has happened, an' of course if—bein' over-delicate, mebby, in affairs of the heart—you prefer this confab to be private, why then, nacherally, your wishes should be regarded, an' private's the word.'

"'But the colonel says he wishes privacy. The camp to a man is his friend, an' plumb welcome to his confidence. Likewise which, we draws up in silence, waitin' for him to begin. As we does so, Cherokee whispers to Faro Nell that mighty likely she'd better put on her shaker, stampede across, an' congratulate Missis Rucker-ette which su'gestion she yields to reluctant, preferrin' to listen to them adventures of the exploit.

"'It's this a-way,' says the colonel, when Faro Nell is gone an' everybody's branded comfortable. 'Which it's unnecessary for me to go tellin' a passel of sech experienced sharps as you-all, what's took place. Suffice it that this evenin', after snipes is over, she drives me into a corner an' tells me she's mine. Now, understand, gents all; I'm too much a shave to either'p an' was too well brought up by my folks, to go knockin' out of the affections of any lady. Which I've allers held that a lady is not to be refused. Her heart is even a bauble an', once she bestowes it, no gent so distinguished is possessed of any crood'l hesitancy to thrust it aside.'

"'Which sentiments does you credit, colonel,' observes Enright, as the cousin bridegroom panses to wipe his fo'head.

"'That's whatever!' chimes in Boggs, emphatic.

"'No, sirs,' resoomes the colonel, when he ag'in commands himse'f, 'a lady is not to be declined. That is, she's not to be declined, assoomin' her to be free. It's on that p'int, an' that alone, I've come meanderin' over to be heard. What I asks is the one question: Is this yere old man Rucker shore dead? What I urges is that, ontil the same be proved, I'm entitled to a stay of execootion. I leaves it all to you—to you, Enright, an' to you, Peets—do I ask too much? Lookin' at the play from every angle, an' keepin' it before you that my sole reason for balkin' is a reason of morality, I puts it to you, as gent to gent, whether I ain't right?'

"'This yere is a mere hubbub!' shouts Boggs, plenty heated, but Enright, who's the soul of fairness, stops him.

"'It's impossible to deny,' responds Enright, when Boggs growlin'ly subsides, 'that the proof, techin' the wipin' out of Rucker, an' the consequent widowhood of his relict, is at present some meager. Also, I'm bound to add, that Wolfville, as a strictly moral outfit, ain't hungerin' for no Enoch Arden games. What's your jedgment, Doc?'

"'Which I entertains fealin's similar,' returns Peets. 'We shore don't want to go ribbin' up no sityooation, where one lady has two husbands. Thar's everything to be said ag'inst sech a social solecism, not only from standp'ints moral but economic. Besides, Red Dog, our hated rival, wouldn't cease to throw it up.'

"'The question bein' gen'ral in its op'rations,' breaks in Boggs ag'in—he's been whisperin' mighty feverish to Texas Thompson—'an' speakin' for Texas yere, as well as myse'f, I'd like to ask the colonel, now he casts doubts on a recovered lady's widowhood, whatever is to be his onsoolin' move? Also, I desire to be heard as sayin' that, offerin' as he does them doubts by way of defense, the burden of proof is on him. It's for him to show the lady's married, not for Wolfville to demonstrate she's single none.'

"'Gents,' said the colonel, interruptin' Enright as he's about to reply, 'words is onnecessary. I accepts the p'sition of Mr. Boggs as bein' sound an' solid as a sodhouse. All I asks is time. I've but one request—an' I bases it, as heretofore announced, on purely moral grounds. I merely asks that you hold Missis Rucker at bay while I takes the trail of that former husband, an' rufs it out. Mebby them hostiles don't kill him none. Mebby he lives an' breathes, while cents who are blameless an' innocent go feelin' dangers which of right belong to him alone.'

"'How long,' asks Enright, 'do you-all allow it'll take to settle the life or death of Rucker? You can see yourse'f, colonel, thar's a limit ought to go with this. It would be preposterous to assoom that you are to hold the affections of a lady in abeyance, while you go romancin' about in the hills indefinite.'

"'Six months,' returned the colonel, pleadin'ly; 'six little months is all I ask. If I don't drive this yere absconder into the open by then, I'll return an' accept my bites without a gulver.'

"'Thar's nothin' to it, Sam!' remarks Peets, an' his manner is decisive, the colonel's plumb inside his rights. That Rucker is dead rests wholly on the feather-blown bluff of some unsound sport in Tucson. At the most, sech a condition furnishes us nothin' more cogent, than suspicions, an' the good reasons of Wolfville ought not to be reshed, or trifled away, on arguments so insecure.'

"'That's right, boys,' says Enright, bustin'ly. 'Which bein' settled, it's my jedgment the colonel had better begin his still hunt instanter, an' not wait until the lady b'comes privy to his designs. She might take them doubts about her widowhood invidious.'

"Enright's notion as to prompt-ness prevails, an' the colonel allows he'll go trackin' off for Rucker that very evenin'. Thar'pon Boggs, he's been watchful as a lynx throughout, ag'in intervenes.

"'As seems possessity collat'ral interests,' says he, 'Texas an' I'll jest about accompany the colonel a whole lot.'

"'Which you ain't intimatin' that I'll break my compact none about re-marryin'?' asks the colonel, his eyes beginnin' to sparkle.

"'Not at all!' returns Boggs. 'We're goin' along in the c'pacity of guardian angels to you personal. Them Apaches might down you; an' thar's too much dependin' on your life for us to take them chances.'

"While the pontes is bein' saddled an' brought up, an' Black Jack is fillin' the canteens, Enright draws Peets aside.

"'How about it, Doc?' he whispers. 'Would you let Dan and Texas both go?'

"'An' why not?' asks Peets.

"'This why not! S'posse, for any conceiv'ble reason, none of them parties come back. You don't want to forget that you an' me are the next two chickens on the roost. How do you know that, in sech events, your profession as a medicine sharp or my years protect us? Remember, Missis Rucker ain't no girl!'

"'That's all right,' returns Peets, confident and firm; 'if Dan an' Texas an' the colonel fails us, as a last resort we'll emyoolate the ancient Romans. When they wanted wives, they jumped an outfit called the Sabines, an' mavericked 'em. That's what we'll do if forced. When things get dealt down to the turn, an' thar's nothin' but you an' me in the matrimonial box, we'll nacherally ride over to Red Dog an'—rope Missis Rucker up a he'pmeet from among thar hamlet's deboshed citizenry. Thar's them in Red Dog who, at the simple mention, would come a-runnin'.'

"It's the next day before Missis Rucker learns how the colonel, with Boggs an' Texas coverin' the play, has gone rummagin' off after the defaulter. When she hears of it she searches out Enright, whar he's buyin' shirts in the New York store. Faro Nell an' Tucson Jennie is with her, an' the three looks plenty ominous an' warm.

"'Which, I deemands to know, Sam Enright,' says Missis Rucker, an' her manner is mighty trucoolent, 'what do you an' Doc Peets mean?'

"'Yes!' chorus the other two; 'what do you-all mean?'

"'Do you reckon I'll allow you two sots to go knockin' round in my destinies like blind dogs in a meat shop?' adds Missis Rucker.

Rucker.

"'My dear madam,' reemonstrates Enright, placatin' her; 'what we does is wholly for your deefense. Says we: "Colonel, you can't have that lady outfi you proves conclooslve she's a single' feator. She's a prize worth struggilin' for, an' within' for; an', if you're worthy of her, you won't begrech the time an' labor to produce evidence that her former husband is defunct." The colonel struggles ag'inst this dictum, for his love is overpowerin'. But he is also a sport of reason, so at last he submits.'

"'This yere'll do for a sing-song, Sam Enright!' returns Missis Rucker—none the less she's softened by them encomiums—but whyever then don't the colonel bid me a fond adoo?'

"Which he couldn't have stood it none, declar's Enright. 'He says so himse'f. "Let us start at once!" is his observation. "If ever I sets eyes on her feachures, their attractin' loveliness will carry my resolootion off its feet." An', so—the Doc an' I an' Boggs an' Texas concurrin'—they goes prancin' off for the mountains, without further procrastinations.'

"'All right, Sam Enright,' remarks Missis Rucker after thinkin' a spell, her tones full of meanin', 'since you-all sees fit to pick up my hand an' play it, you'd shore better make it win. You can gamble the Bar, if my colonel don't come back to me no more, I'll jest the same know what to do.'

"'You hears her, Doc!' whispers Enright; an' cool and steady as he is, he can't repress a shoodder.

"'However, the kyrds falls as they should. It ain't three weeks before the colonel, with Boggs an' Texas, comes ridin' in, whoopin' an' shoutin' triumphant. Which 'thar's reason in their whoops; for along with 'em, his feet tied underneath a pony, is Rucker, lookin' as morose as a captive badger. Thar's an Apache ridin' along, who's out to offer explanations an' take the Rucker pony back ag'in—the same bein' his chattel.

"'Which I informs this aborigine,' explains Boggs, in elooc'dation of the Apache that-a-way, 'that he's been harborin' a criminal in this yere fugitive Rucker. I tells him he'll play in luck if the Great Father don't send his big thunder guns to blow him an' his outfit off the map. I hands him these fictions for fear, if once he grasps what we really aims to do with pore Rucker, he'll hoomanity heirs to million, an' he turns loose in his blinded way an' gives us a hat-ch'.

"'Well, well!' says Texas Thompson, as he swings from the saddle an' scatters into the Red Light to wash the dust from his throat; 'now it's over, I'm yere to say I feels a lot relieved. It ain't overpastin' the case when I announces that it's the first time since Missis Rucker put on black an' hands it out she's single, I've felt my old-time self.'

"'As to the Apache, Enright, as source him no apologies is necessary. Meanwhile the colonel—who's sort o' hysterical—heaps that savage with presents to the yeux. He certainly does endow that painted outcast with half the New York store!'

"'What did you-all run up on him, Dan?' asks Peets, alloodin' to Rucker.

"'Which we discovers the old ground hog,' says Boggs, 'in camp with them Apaches, an' all so contented as a toad under a cabbage leaf. The outfit he's with warn't on up war-paths. It's that bunch over by the Cow Springs, with which those yere injuns of Rucker's ain't been on speakin' terms for moons, that dug up the war-ax last spring. It's my belief this deceitful Rucker starts them tales about his death himself. It would be jest his size; for he's as gunnin' that a-way as a pet fox.'

"When the fugitive is restored to Missis Rucker that lady never says a word. She looks sour as lemons, though; an' the glances she casts at Enright an' Peets borders on the baleful.

"'An' I ain't above remarkin', Sam,' observes peets to Enright, commenc-in' on them glances, 'that—only I knows her to be honest an' troo an' humane at heart—I figger she'd halfway like to put a spider in your biscuit, for roundin' Rucker up.'

"'It's the day followin' that exile's return, an' from whar we sits in the Red Light, we can see him settin' the table for supper, rattlin' cups an' slammin' plates permiscus, an' all a heap egreegious an' recalcitrant.

"'Go over, Jack,' says Enright to Jack Moore, which latter gent acts in the docal role of marshal an' kettle-tender for the stranglers—of which army of Wolfville justice Enright is chief—go over an' bring that miserable tarriptin to me. I wants to give him warnin'.'

"In a moment Jack is back with the old felon, who looks as genial as a sore-head b'ar.

"'See yere, Rucker!' says Enright, his tones ringing hard an' cold, like iron on ice, 'a word is as good as a thump in the ribs to a blind mule. Now remember! If ever you-all plays the domestic truoant in the footure, an' go to abandonin' them feelicities which surrounds you—an' which I fears you are far from appreciatin'—Wolfville rides forth on your trail in a body, an' swings an' rattles tharwith until you're took. Also, your next return to camp will be signalized, not by restoration to the lovin' embraces of a wife who dotes on you beyond your measly deserts, but by stringin' you up to the windmill, by way of warnin' to husbands with tastes for solitood an' travel, an' as showin' what happens to a married gent who persistently omits to come home. You go back now to settin' them tables; but as you do, b'ar in mind that the Wolfville eye from now has got you focused.'"

Our Daily Flapjacks.

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ManZan Pile Remedy comes ready to use with nozzle attached. Soothes, heals reduces itching and inflammation. An operation for piles will not be necessary if you use ManZan. Price 50c. Money refunded if not satisfied. Sold by Palace Pharmacy, Smethport, and C. A. Anderson, Colegrove.

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Weak Kidneys, Lame Back and Inflammation of the Bladder

A WEEK'S TREATMENT 25c

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God Save the Commonwealth

ELECTION PROCLAMATION.

PURSUANT TO AN ACT OF GENERAL Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled "An Act to regulate the nomination and election of public officers requiring certain expenses thereto incident to be paid by the several counties, and punishing certain offenses in regard to such elections," approved the 10th day of June, A. D. 1893, (and its several amendments) I, George W. Mitchell, High Sheriff of the county of McKean, do hereby make known and proclaim to the qualified electors of McKean county, that a general election will be held in the said county of McKean on TUESDAY, the 3d day of November, A. D., 1908 (being the TUESDAY next following the FIRST MONDAY of said month) for the purpose of electing the following officers, viz:—

One person for President of the United States.

One person for Vice President of the United States.

One person for Judge of the Superior Court.

One person for Representative in Congress.

One person for Senator in the General Assembly.

Two persons for Representatives in the General Assembly.

One person for Sheriff.

One person for Prothonotary.

One person for Clerk of the Court of Quarter Sessions of the Peace and Oyer and Terminer.

One person for District Attorney.

One person for Recorder of Deeds.

One person for Register of Wills and Clerk of the Orphans' Court.

Three persons for County Commissioners.

Three persons for County Auditors.

THE FOLLOWING IS INSTRUCTIONS TO VOTERS.

TO VOTE A STRAIGHT PARTY TICKET, MARK A CROSS (X) IN THE SQUARE, IN THE FIRST COLUMN, OPPOSITE THE NAME OF THE PARTY OF YOUR CHOICE.

A CROSS MARK IN THE SQUARE OPPOSITE THE NAME OF ANY CANDIDATE INDICATES A VOTE FOR THAT CANDIDATE.

A CROSS MARK IN SQUARE OPPOSITE NAMES OF PRESIDENTIAL CANDIDATES IS A VOTE FOR ALL ELECTORS OF THAT PARTY, BUT FOR NO OTHER CANDIDATES.

I also make known and give notice that the following is a correct list of the nominations for the respective offices above recited; namely:—

For President and Vice President of the United States.

TAFT AND SHERMAN, REPUBLICAN.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 31)

Benjamin Franklin Jones, Jr.,
Morris Lewis Clothier,
John Burt,
Howard Aller Davis,
Frederick Taylor Chandler,
Silas Axtell,
George Jay Elliott,
Edward Warner Patton,
George Christian Hetzel,
Joseph deBenneville Abbott,
John Watts Barr Bachman,
Reese Albert Phillips,
Theodore Lennartz Newell,
John Ivor Mathias,
Adam Thun Miller,
William John McCabe,
George Wallace Williams,
David Jewett Waller, Jr.,
William Griffin Boyle,
Robert Christmas Neal,
Jared Croyle Strassburger,
Thomas Shipley,
William Frederick Reynolds,
Andrew White McCullough,
John Timothy Rogers,
Edward Longue Dawes,
Jerome Francis Downing,
Herman Simon,
Theophilus Lowry Wilson,
Perry Clifford Foss,
Gene Schultz,
Orsen Holmes Babcock,
Alexander Holland Peacock,
Homer David Williams.

BRYAN AND KERN, DEMOCRATIC.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 30)

Joseph P. McCullen,
Albert J. Barr,
Daniel F. Carlin,
Edward B. Sotherlich,
Aaron G. Krause,
Christee Loib,
James T. Nulty,
Michael J. Howard,
John C. Ferron,
John Howard Danenhower,
Louis N. Spencer,
Alexander W. Dickson,
John T. Flaherty,
Oliver Perry Bechtel,
Harry D. Schaeffer,
Charles A. McCarty,
John Franklin Stone,
John I. Welch,
Cyrus C. Gelwicks,
George Derr Krause,
Samuel M. Hoyer,
Henry Washer,
J. Hawley Baird,
John K. Holland,
John F. Pauley,
Howard S. Marshall,
Robert N. Brown,
Howard Mutchler,
William Lewis Neal,
Fred A. Shaw,
Henry Meyer,
Wesley S. Guffey,
Dennis J. Boyle,
Casper P. Mayer.

CHAFIN AND WATKINS, PROHIBITION

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 31)

Elisha Kent Kane,
John Ioor Gill,
John B. Huston,
Lewis L. Stevenson,
Samuel R. Felton,
Irving Woods Huckins,
Roland M. Stevenson,
Jonas K. Schultz,
Daniel G. Hendricks,
Howard Leopold,
Daniel S. VanNesta,
Wm. H. Richmond,
W. B. Bertels,
William H. Maberry,
John Peter Schneider,
Justus F. Warner,
James Mansel,
Franklin P. Johnson,
Jeremiah S. Yaukey,
Silas C. Swallow,
John L. Edwards,
Cyrus S. Griest,
A. McAlpin,
Lewis Cass Wick,
John O. Stoner,
Milton S. Marquis,
Isaac Monderan,
George F. Kline,
W. G. Freeman,
Edwin J. Fithian,
James P. Knox,
Knox G. Hill,
Robert S. Glass,
Thomas P. Beerschberger.

DEBS AND HANFORD, SOCIALIST.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 31)

Edward J. Cook,
Edward J. Higgins,
George Firch,
Robert M. Green,
R. Barclay Spicer,
George Nau,
John Zellhoefer,
August Mahlert,
Martin J. Flyzik,
William C. Pehn,
Charles Herwegh,
George Lodge,
Charles G. Allen,
Henry Peter,
Emil Quwang,
Joseph M. Achhammer,
Percy Vize,
Fred. W. Whitcombe,
Martin J. Brennen,
George Davies,
Jerome F. Buck,
Jesse W. Green,
Andrew Hunter,
Cornelius F. Foley,
George W. Guthrie,
Angus McRae,
Arthur J. Dennis,
Frederick G. Redner,
E. Howard Deal,
Daniel K. Young,
Julius Weber,
Thomas Thatcher,
Simon Library,
Howard P. Hunter.

HISGEN AND GRAVES, INDEPENDENCE.

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 31)

John L. Barrett,
William Boughton,
Robert G. Cathcart, Jr.,
Charles B. Connolly,
Joseph M. Crouch,
John P. Correll,
William F. Craig, Jr.,
Elwin B. Depuy,
Thomas Dolan,
Herman L. Duffing, Jr.,
Theodore Eichhorn,
James A. Fulton,
James R. Gaffney,
Jesse Willis Galbreath,
William J. Griffith,
John L. Harding,
Samuel M. Hetherington,
George F. Hildebrand,
Edward W. Kirby,
John W. Lafferty,
William La Fontaine,
Owen B. Lally,
George V. McDonald,
Edward J. Maher,
James Frederick Martin,
Newell H. Mossinger,
Joseph F. O'Neill,
Stanley J. Orgin,
Wheeler H. Phelps,
John A. Phillips,
Robert Miles Robinson,
Silas Edgar Trout,
Samuel F. Wheeler,
William H. White.

GILHAUS and MUNRO, SOCIALIST LABOR

PRESIDENTIAL ELECTORS.

(Mark 31)

Herman Spittal,
J. C. Gardner,
L. M. Lafayette,
John Bergmund,
W. H. Thomas,
Thos. Wiedline,
Andria Mori,
August Clever,
George Peters,
Grant Hughes,
George Snyder,
Otto Matowsky,
Chas. Lapp,
J. M. Burkett,
J. A. McConnell,
Jos. A. Gray,
P. H. Grimaldi,
Arthur Lowry,
W. T. Marshall,
Wm. Peale,
Fred. Uhl,
Wm. Cowan,
Wm. Crain,
P. Rowan,
Wm. Staley,
Peter Auker,
Ernest Hildebrandt,
James Clark,
Wm. Hughes,
Chas. A. Newis,
George Staley,
John Handlers,
Geo. Ohl,
Chas. Darner.

JUDGE OF THE SUPERIOR COURT.

(Mark one)

William D. Porter, Republican
Webster Grim, Democratic
Daniel Sturgeon, Prohibition
Thomas H. Kennedy, Socialist
Luther S. Kauffman, Independence

REPRESENTATIVE IN CONGRESS.

(Mark one)

Charles F. Barclay, Republican
W. Harrison Walker, Democratic
H. N. McCoy, Prohibition
J. D. Rhay, Socialist

SENATOR IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

(Mark one)

Frank E. Baldwin, Republican
Samuel M. Seibert, Democratic
Elisha Kent Kane, Prohibition Majority Rule

REPRESENTATIVE IN THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY.

(Mark two)

Robert P. Habgood, Republican
James A. McKean, Republican
Robert W. Hilton, Democratic Majority Rule Prohibition
L. R. Shaw, Democratic Majority Rule Prohibition
Joseph Beigel, Socialist
Chas. A. Partiss, Socialist

SHERIFF.

(Mark one)

William H. Morrison, Republican
T. J. Fennerty, Democratic
J. C. Young, Prohibition
W. S. Clark, Socialist

PROTHONOTARY.

(Mark one)

B. F. Starsky, Republican
W. G. Holder, Democratic
F. J. Fuller, Prohibition
J. W. Babcock, Socialist

CLERK OF THE COURT OF QUARTER SESSIONS OF THE PEACE AND OYER AND TERMINER.

(Mark one)

Frank R. Foster, Republican Prohibition
Guy L. Bart, Democratic
Charles Barr, Socialist

DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

(Mark one)

Guy B. Mayo, Republican Prohibition

RECORDER OF DEEDS

(Mark one)

Homer M. Choate, Republican Prohibition
G. A. Simpson, Democratic
Carl Godfrey, Socialist

REGISTER OF WILLS AND CLERK OF THE ORPHANS' COURT.

(Mark one)

John B. Eastman, Republican
G. W. Patterson, Democratic
J. E. Dennis, Prohibition
Geo. K. Hazlike, Socialist

COUNTY COMMISSIONERS.

(Mark two)

A. M. Marsh, Republican
John A. Peterson, Republican
John P. Devlin, Democratic
W. L. Oviatt, Democratic
J. A. Hooper, Prohibition
S. M. Love, Prohibition
P. J. Nolan, Socialist
A. L. Vallely, Socialist

COUNTY AUDITORS.

(Mark two)

A. A. Abbey, Republican Prohibition
Albert R. Anderson, Republican Prohibition
A. R. Corey, Democratic
James M. Fraser, Democratic
F. M. Partiss, Socialist

I also hereby make known and give notice that the place of holding the aforesaid general election in the several townships, boroughs and wards within the county of McKean, are as follows, to-wit:

The township of Annin, at the building known as Simpson's store, now Macumber Hall, at Turtle Point.

BRADFORD CITY.

First ward, First district—At Armory Hall, Corydon street.

First ward, Second district—C. J. Lane's building, on Boylston street, near Pine.

Second Ward, First District—In the basement of the New Universalist Church, at the Southeast corner of South Avenue and Corydon Street, in the first precinct of the second Ward in the said City of Bradford.

Second ward, Second district—At No. 46 Chestnut Street, Mrs. M. J. Rook Building.

Third ward, First district—Northwest corner of Washington and Pearl streets, in building owned by C. G. Fitzgibbon.

Third ward, Second district—At lot on south side of Washington street a little west of Conley street, booth to be provided by County.

Fourth ward—Land of New York, Lake Erie and Western Railroad Company.

Fifth ward—Robert's tank shop on Main street, near bridge.

Sixth ward—At Epworth hall, next door to Methodist church on the North side of East Main street.

BRADFORD TOWNSHIP.

First district—At Jewett Hall, Custer City.

Second district—A point at or near the cross roads near Smith's chemical works, on lands of W. H. Emery, in a suitable building erected by the county commissioners.

CERES TOWNSHIP.

A building on the opposite side of Oswayo Creek from the old Polling place, in a building recently purchased by the County.

CORYDON TOWNSHIP.

First district—The first floor of a new building owned by E. D. Tome, across the highway from Will Tripp's residence.

Second district—A building near the school house, known as the Thomas Conover school house, in Warrant No. 3755, on road leading up Sugar Creek to Marshburg, near the residence of E. N. Holmes.

The borough of Eldred at town house, Edson street.

The township of Eldred—Building owned by second District, on south side of Pennsylvania railroad, near depot.

FOSTER TOWNSHIP.

First district—The lower floor of the A. O. U. W. hall, at Derrick City, in said district.

Second district—In the A. P. Corwin building at Corwin Corner.

HAMLIN TOWNSHIP.

First District—The Opera House Building on the south side of the Main Road, in the Village of Hazelton.

Second district—At Lamb's store.

Third district—The room used as a reading room on the ground floor of the "reading Room Building" in the village of Kushequa.

The borough of Mt. Jewett—The east room of the first floor of the city building and known as the lower room.

HAMILTON TOWNSHIP.

First district—At the store house in Lindsay.

Second district—The ground floor of Macumber hall—situated at Morrison.

KEATING TOWNSHIP.

First District—Geo. Howe's Hall, being in the second story of said Hall, situated on the south side of the public highway leading through Smethport, in the rear of said Howe's blacksmith shop.

Second district—At new building of A. C. Small, at Farmers Valley.

Third district—In the village of Sampson, in said district, in the building known as the "Ancient Order United Workmen's hall."

KANE BOROUGH.

First Ward—The new brick house in the alley in the rear of No. 30 Park Avenue in said Boro of Kane.

Second ward—At the City or Municipal Building situate at the corner of Chase and Bayard streets.

Third ward—The lower floor or truck room of the Mountain Hose Company building on Hydale street in said third ward.

Fourth ward—The building of the Kane Hose Company, No. 3, in said ward.

LAFAYETTE TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the south room on the first floor of the Odd Fellows building at Mt. Alton, in said district.

Second District—Cannon's Hall, Lewis Run.

Third district—The building of Mrs. E. C. Tenny in the Village of Lafayette on the north side of the highway 40 rods east of said Newton building.

Fourth district—The rear of the store building of Elisha K. Kane, in the village of Olivedale, in said Township of Lafayette.

The township of Liberty in a building near the grocery store of E. Dudley et al point on the Smethport road about 90 rods northwest from the bridge crossing the river from the borough of Port Allegany.

The borough of Port Allegany, second story of public building.

NORWICH TOWNSHIP.

First district—Norwich township hall.

Second district—At a building erected by the Commissioners at Gardeau.

OTTO TOWNSHIP.

First district—In the building known as "Union Hall" in the Village of Duke Centre in said district.

Second District—The K. O. T. M. Hall, situate on the north side of the Main street in the Village of Rixford in said Township of Otto.

The borough of Smethport in southeast corner of basement of Court House.

WETMORE TOWNSHIP.

The Old School House on the North Side of the Wilcox Road at East Kane, next to John Nelson's Store.

SERGEANT TOWNSHIP.

First District—The newly erected Town Hall situated at Clermont.

Second district—In the old residence of D. O. Black at Freeman.

Polls to be open at 7 o'clock a. m. and to be closed at 7 o'clock p. m.

I also make known and give notice that every person, excepting justices of the peace, who shall hold any office or appointment of profit or trust under the government of the United States or of this State or of any city or incorporated district whether a commissioned officer or otherwise, a subordinate officer or agent, who is or shall be employed under the Legislative, Executive or Judiciary department of this State or of the United States or of any city or incorporated district, and also that every member of Congress and of the State Legislature and of the Select or Common Council of any city or Commissioners of any incorporate district is, by law, incapable of holding or exercising at the same time the office or appointment of Judge, Inspector or Clerk of any election of this Commonwealth, and that no Inspector, Judge or other officer of any such election shall be eligible to any office to be then voted for, except that of an election officer.

Given under my hand this 21st day of October, A. D. 1908.

GEORGE W. MITCHELL, Sheriff.

E-768

RAILROAD WATCHES

We make a specialty of railroad watches. He uses a special movement containing 21 jewels, one that runs with wonderful accuracy and is built to stand the wear and tear, smash and slam of the railroad business.

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White Diamond flour

It makes Good Bread. Try it and be Convinced.

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Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits $200,000.00

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Pays interest on time deposits.

Acts as trustee, transfer agent, administrator, executor or guardian of estates.

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ORLO J. HAMLIN, Vice-President.
RALPH E. BURDICK, Treasurer
GUY McCOY, Asst. Treas.

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We offer for sale an established licenced drug store in Almond, N. Y., live town of 600 population with good surrounding country. Stock of drugs, notions and patent medicines, will inventory about $5,000. Will sell for 25 per cent discount from inventory price. Only drug store in Almond and no competition within four miles. Will rent store building and all drug store fixtures for $12 per month. Annual sales exceed $4,000. Owner not a licensed pharmacist and has other business, only reason for selling. Splendid opening for practical man. Terms part cash, balance on contract with easy payments. Almond is located on the Erie railroad five miles from Hornell, N. Y., and has splendid schools and churches, making it a desirable residence village.

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You leave your measure, select your cloth and the suit is delivered in ten days.

Every individual point you like best is put in. It's made as you prescribe by artists in the made-to-order trade.

Just like high-class tailoring all but the price—that's only a little more than ready-made.

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Administrator's Notice.

In the matter of the estate of Alson Wordworth, deceased.

Letters of Administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills of McKean County upon the estate of Alson Wordworth, late of Ceres Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, deceased, to the undersigned. All persons indebted to the said estate are hereby notified and requested to make payment of said indebtedness; and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate are hereby notified to make proof of the same and present without delay to

JOHN J. ROBARTS, Administrator.
Ceres, (P. O.) N. Y. October 6, 1908

Professional Cards

Attorneys.

Sheridan Gorton,

ATTORNEY AT LAW. All legal business given prompt attention.

Smethport, Pa.

F. D. Gallup,

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E. J. Keenan.

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW. Office adjoining Residence, Main Street.

Smethport, Pa.

All legal business attended to promptly.

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Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA.

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E. R. Mayo & Son,

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E. R. Mayo, notary public.

Thomas H. Morrison,

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

Smethport, - - - - - Penn'a

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FREDERICK W. BACKUS.

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Backus Building, opposite Court House.

Smethport, Penna.

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Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

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Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.

Day or Night Calls promptly attended to

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women.

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Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that Letters of Administration on the estate of O. U. Wright, late of Keating Township, McKean County, Pennsylvania, have been granted to the undersigned.

All persons having claims against said estate will present the same duly probated for payment, and those indebted to the estate will make payment without delay.

J. B. WRIGHT,
Administrator.

Kane, Pa., Oct. 26, 1908.